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THE SKETCH, JANUARY 3, 1921

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# THE SKETCH



No. 1458. — Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



[Original in the Possession of Reschal and Delebarre, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.

**BLONDINETTE.**

FROM THE PAINTING BY SUZANNE MEUNIER.



# Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

## The Art of Melancholy.

It is often said that the English are not an artistic nation. This is a libel, and none the less a libel because the English say it of themselves. A man may say anything of himself, but you must not say it of him, except at your own risk. A man may say in a moment of contrition, "I'm the greatest blackguard in the world." You may agree with him; but if you repeat his words, without quotation marks, he can sue you for libel.

But that is a digression. It is a libel to say the English are not an artistic nation. Their arts may differ from the arts of other races. They may loathe fine poetry, and laugh at fine painting, and yawn over fine music. But in the practice, for example, of the Art of Melancholy, they excel all the races of Europe.

You have only to look at the houses they build—or used to build in the days when there was a fashion for house-building. I have in mind, at the moment, a row or crescent of houses that faces the English Channel. Most days in the year the sun shines on these houses from morn to eve, but nothing can make that terrace look like anything but a gaol with slightly enlarged windows. I don't know how the architect managed it. It is immensely clever, and perfectly characteristic of its age.

That row of houses reminds me of the London theatrical manager who was trying out a new comedy at a certain provincial theatre. After the fall of the final curtain he received a visit from the local manager.

"I congratulate you," said the local manager.

"Congratulate me? Good Lord! What on?"

"On the success of your play. It went very well."

"Very well? What on earth d'you mean? There was hardly a laugh!"

"My dear fellow," said the local manager, "don't distress yourself. People don't come here to laugh. They come here to die."

I always think of that story when I pass Hearse Crescent.

## Inside.

I have never been inside one of those houses, and I think it extremely unlikely that I ever shall go inside. For the matter of that, I have never seen anyone going either in or out. Perhaps they have an underground passage to the shops. I am sure the tenants would like that. "Meat delivered by private tunnel." You can see it in the advertisements.

But it is not necessary to go inside to know what the interiors are like. They are very dark; that is the first consideration. You can't help the sun shining, even in England; but you can, thank heaven, pull down the blinds. Better than that, you can leave them down. As a small boy, I remember visiting a house where the blinds were never pulled up at all. The inhabitants considered that daylight

was harmful to the eyes. I suppose they were teaching God a lesson. So many people do.

Well, having got your nice darkness, you furnish your house accordingly. Your carpets are dark, your woodwork is dark, your wall-papers are dark, and your pictures are dark. The pictures must be not only dark in tone, but dark in subject. Death is the favourite theme for pictorial art in Hearse Terrace. You will find "The Death of Lord Nelson" in every house, and "The Dying Stag" in most of them.

## Upstairs.

When you reach the bed-rooms you will find this idea carried out in illuminated (so-called) texts. "The Night Cometh When No Man Can Work" hangs over the bed in the best bed-room. This is not read to mean, "Get up, and go out, and get busy, and help your neighbour, and laugh, and do your best to leave the world a happier place than you found it." Oh, not at all. That would never do. It means, for the inhabitants of Hearse Terrace, "It is of no use doing anything to day because to-morrow you will be dead. Since you were born to die, make that your chief object in life. And impress the fact on all with whom you may come in contact."

## Our Melancholy Classics.

Turn to English literature, and you will find the highest places are invariably kept for tragic writings. The favourite poem in the English language is Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The very first verse is exquisite in its melancholy. Even the first line induces the right mood of delicious sadness—"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"! What could appeal more strongly than that to the inhabitants of Hearse Terrace? You can't beat it.

Tennyson, again, knew his public. He knew what they wanted in Hearse Terrace—

"When the flowers come again,  
mother, beneath the waning light  
You'll never see me more in the  
long grey fields at night."

Isn't that a fine thought for the First of May? Could the English resist that? Not they! They rose as one man and crowned him Laureate.

Who was the greatest English writer that ever lived? Shakespeare. And which of Shakespeare's plays is always called his masterpiece? "Hamlet." And why is "Hamlet" called his masterpiece? Because at

the end of the play the whole stage is smothered with corpses. Not one measly little death, or even a couple, but the lot! Shakespeare knew his public. I'll bet he laughed in his sleeve over the final scene in "Hamlet." But he poured his whole soul into "As You Like It," at the same time being careful to write a good part for the leading actor—the melancholy Jaques!



WITH HER ONLY DAUGHTER, MISS OLEIN EVA CONSTANCE WYNDHAM-QUIN: LADY EVA WYNDHAM-QUIN.

Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin is the wife of Colonel Wyndham-Quin, C.B., D.S.O., the heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Dunraven, and is the daughter of the sixth Earl of Mayo. She has two sons and one daughter, who is shown with her in our photograph.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

## The Matinée Star at the Garrick.

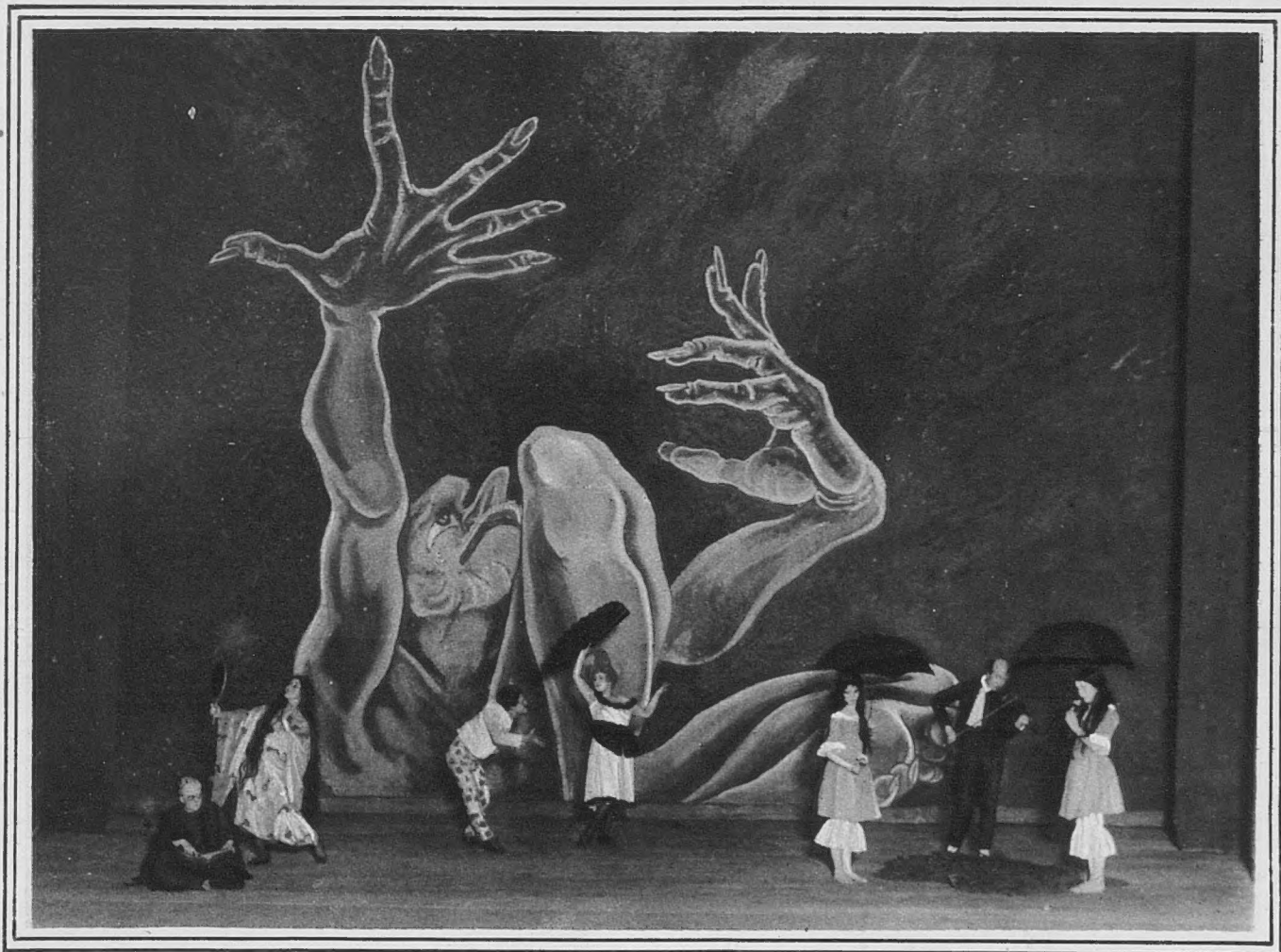


PLAYING THE LEAD IN "THE SHEPHERDESS WITHOUT A HEART": MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE.

"The Shepherdess Without a Heart," by Bertram Forsyth and Franklin Hervey, is one of the most delightful fairy-plays ever

written, and is proving a great success at the Garrick, where its daily matinées are being given.—(Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.)

## As a Divertissement: A Madhouse on the Stage.



THE MOST SENSATIONAL ITEM IN THE SWEDISH BALLET'S RÉPERTOIRE: "MAISON DE FOUS."

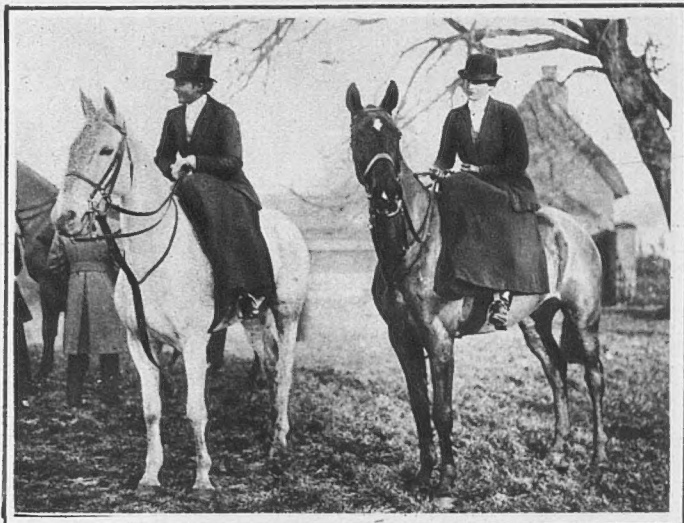
"Maison de Fous," which was given at the Palace on Friday night, is the most discussed item in the répertoire of the Swedish Ballet. It is perhaps the most macabre ballet which has ever

been presented, as it illustrates the tragic adventures of Innocence (Mlle. Jenny Hasselquist) among a company of lunatics, whose antics first alarm her and then turn her brain.

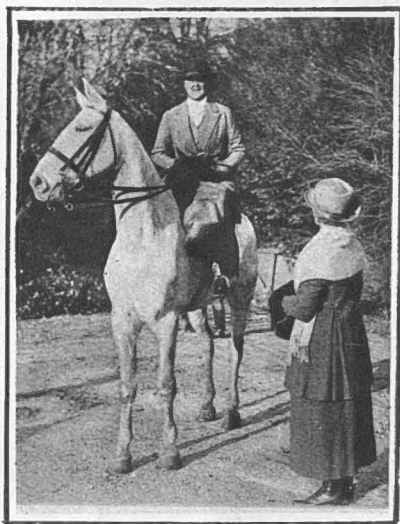
# Side-Saddle and Astride: Sportswomen of Note.



AT A MEET OF THE PYCHLEY AT NORTH KILWORTH:  
MRS. RONALD HENDERSON.



OUT WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. FITZGERALD  
AND MRS. MURRAY SMITH.



AT A MEET OF THE VINE, AT LAVER-  
STOKE HOUSE: LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL.



WITH ONE OF THE HOUNDS: MRS. GRANT  
AT A MEET OF THE FERNIE.



OUT WITH THE PYCHLEY: MISS MARGARET  
SCHILIZZI, OF 'GUILSBOROUGH COURT.



AT A MEET OF THE "KILLING KILDARES": MRS.  
EVANS AND MISS J. CHRISTINE SHACKLETON.



WITH MISS DOREEN WILSON: MISS DODO N. LAWLOR AT A MEET  
OF THE WARD UNION STAGHUNT.

Our hunting photographs show a number of meets of well-known packs, both in England and Ireland. Lady Rosemary Portal, who is seen at a meet of the Vine at Laverstoke House, the seat of Sir William Portal, is the wife of Sir William's elder son, Colonel Wyndham Portal, M.V.O., D.S.O., and is the daughter of the second Earl Cairns.—Our Irish snapshots show two well-known followers

of the "Killing Kildares"—Mrs. Evans, of Castletown, Celbridge, and Miss J. Christine Shackleton, of Anna Liffey House, Lucan; while the two sportswomen at the Ward Union Stag Hunt meet are Miss Dodo N. Lawlor, of Irishtown House, Clondalkin, and Miss Doreen Wilson, of Hockley Lodge, Armagh, both well known in Irish Society.—[Photographs by Poole, Waterford; and S. and G.]

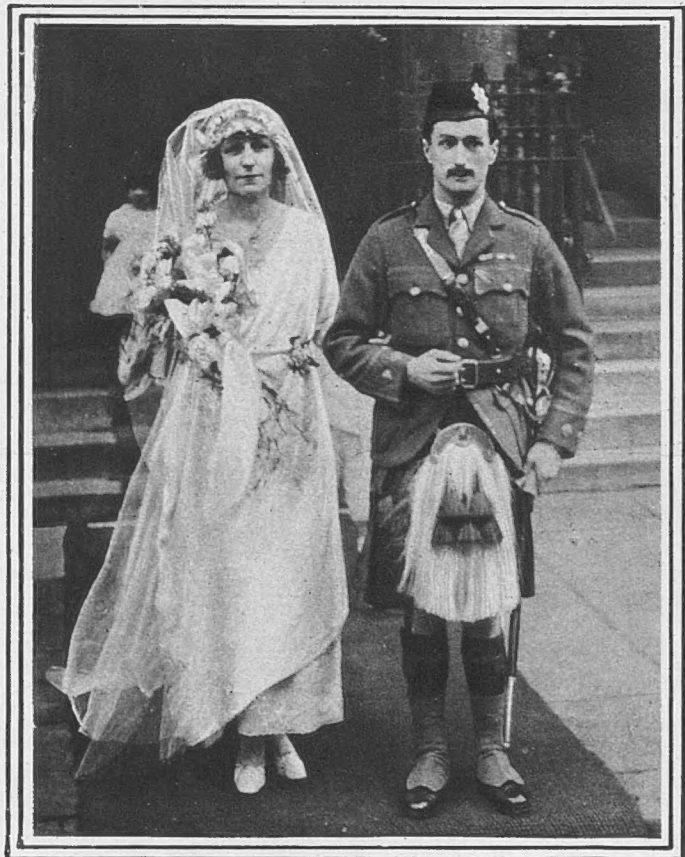
# Married the Other Day—Last Year.



MARRIED AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY: BRIGADIER-GENERAL LUCAS AND HIS BRIDE, MRS. MENZIES.



LEAVING ST. ALBAN'S, HOLBORN: EARL DE LA WARR AND COUNTESS DE LA WARR (MISS DIANA LEIGH).



LEAVING ST. COLUMBA'S, PONT STREET: MR. GEORGE INGLIS KIRKCALDY AND HIS BRIDE, MISS M. ROBERTSON NICOLL.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT RIVENHALL PARISH CHURCH: MR. MAURICE FITZGERALD AND HIS BRIDE, MISS "HEAVEN" BRADHURST.

Brigadier-General F. G. Lucas, C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., late Gurkhas, and Mrs. A. J. A. Menzies were married at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, last week.—The wedding of the young Earl de la Warr, who served as an A.B. during the war, and Miss Diana Leigh, daughter of Mrs. Reginald Halsey, took place quietly at St. Alban's Church, Holborn.—Mr. George Inglis Kirkcaldy, Black Watch, and Miss Mildred Robertson

Nicoll, younger daughter of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, had a picturesque Scottish wedding at St. Columba's.—Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, son of the late Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, K.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Miss Christine Evangeline "Heaven" Bradhurst, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maunsell Bradhurst, were married at Rivenhall Parish Church, Essex.



## More About Mariegold



CHRISTMAS, *passé* and even a trifle dusty, still clings to Mariegold's mantelpiece. There is no getting rid of it till she has worked through several children's parties. Their invitations refuse to look like bills or private-view cards or the ordinary stuff that collects round her mirror. They all have some perfectly silly little coloured picture on top, followed by stationer's shop copper-plate. Then come the details, laboriously filled in by a heavy-handed young hostess. One perfect example is signed "Pamela, Peggy, and Prue Goddard," the grandchildren of Sir Felix Schuster. For this Mariegold travels to Kensington this very afternoon. And

reporting. You don't realise what that means. It means that she has to live up to a very exacting time-table. It means fitting in a consultation with her dressmaker exactly the right number of days ahead. Her afternoon functions and her evening functions have been averaging quite a dozen a week.

"Many pretty grown-ups are interested in the Devonshire House party."

"However sophisticated your taste in feminine beauty may be, you will like it," says Mariegold. "I know that Lady Maidstone, Lady Sassoon, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and Lady Mainwaring have all taken tickets. But I don't guarantee that Mürren won't intervene in some cases!"

Talk of Devonshire House led Mariegold to tell me an interesting piece of news about Lansdowne House.

"You remember it has been threatened ever since the Devonshires deserted. It was felt to be isolated and unsafe. When I last told you about it Lord Lansdowne was saying that all he wished was to be allowed to die in peace there. But those irresistible people who capture houses evidently thought the process might be a tedious one, and they have prevailed upon him."

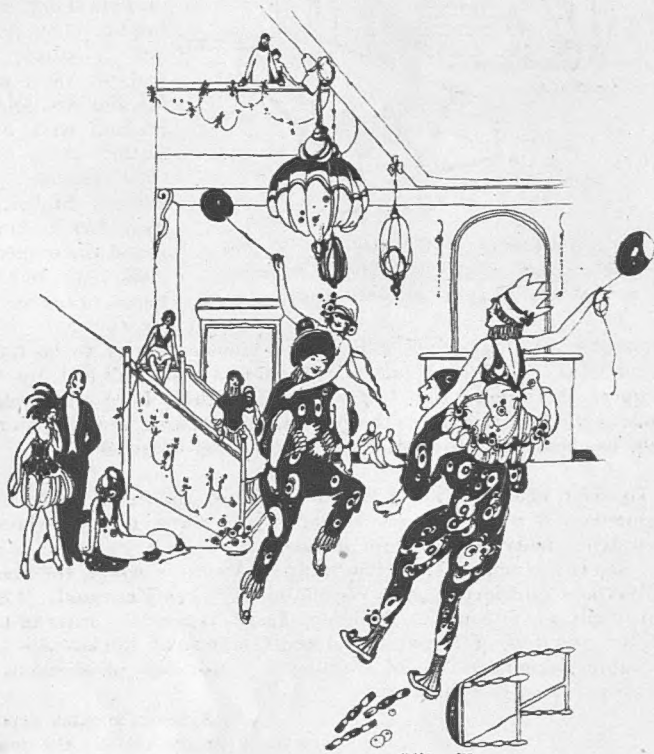
"Who are they in this case?" I asked.

"They are, they are—Mr. Selfridge," she answered. "He has, if my facts are correct in detail, taken it for a trial term of five years."

The sensation at one party Mariegold went to a little while back was the appearance of a new and strange Lady Lavery.

"It was Lady Lavery all right, but Lady Lavery with a difference. It was the day before she went to Cornwall. Perhaps she had not counted on turning up at that party. But she was a great success, all the same. A little crowd of us gathered round her to investigate and congratulate. She has bobbed her hair."

"Imagine our Botticelli lady bobbed! But it is only one of those quick-changes that are the vogue of the moment. I suppose she has changed parts with Baroness D'Erlanger, whom I see described by a contemporary as being the image of 'Primavera' at Claridge's. And



1. Angela has spent a very gay New Year with her friends the De Raggés at Rackety Towers. . . .

others will engage her well into the month, so that when every other sign of Christmas is tidied away the children prolong the festival. And that is as it should be.

Other children's party cards, but without the childish scrawl, are also wedged into Mariegold's mirror. I notice, for instance, a family ticket, price one guinea, for the affair at Lady Violet Astor's house in Carlton House Terrace on the 14th.

"Yes; one grown-up and two children for a guinea. No; it is not obligatory to be a parent. Any grown-up will do," she explained, when I queried the transaction.

"But who," I persisted, "is the grown-up?"

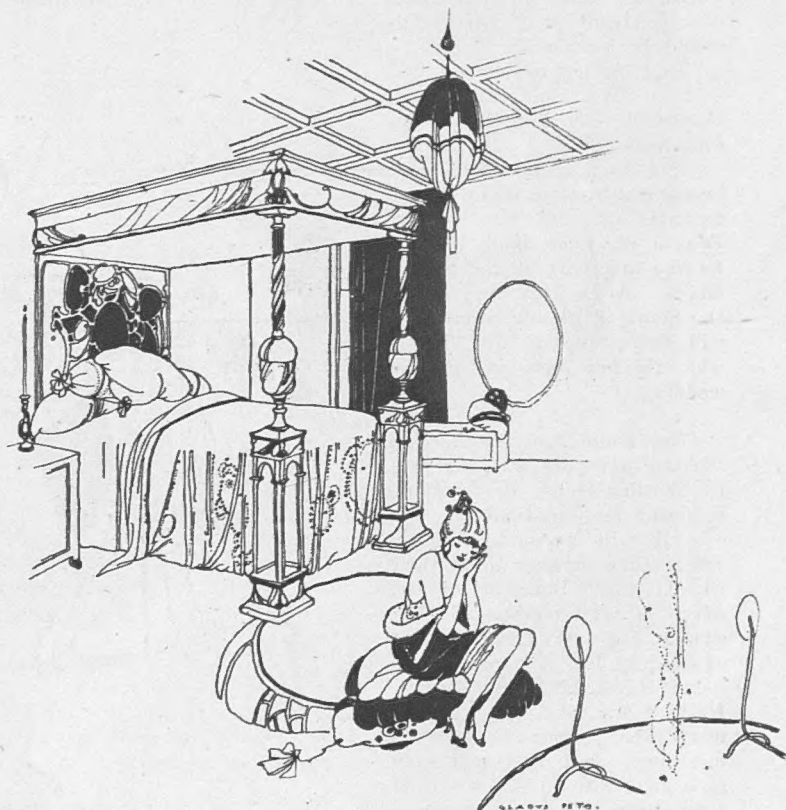
Lady Dorothie Moore is the moving spirit of the children's party at Devonshire House next Wednesday, the 12th.

"I got my ticket," Mariegold told me, "straight from her headquarters, 234, Great Portland Street, where you and everybody else can and should get theirs too. It's easy. You know Great Portland Street. Go on from Pagani's, and spend the price of another lunch with her."

"Great Portland Street is an appropriate setting for Lady Dorothie. It's full of shops where you buy motors; and she, you know, was the first young woman who really set to seriously with a motor in France."

"Her father, Lord Denbigh, is Chairman of the Children's Hospital, which is to get the proceeds. Queen Alexandra is very interested, and Princess Alice will receive the guests at 3.30."

"Wonderful Princess Alice! I could fill this page with an account of the good deeds she does in a single week—padded out a little, perhaps, with a report of her frocks. They are nearly always worth



2. . . . But gets to her room at last and falls asleep over the fire . . .

yet when last I saw her she looked quite stalwart in a short blue frock—a bobbed frock, at any rate—with hair that was quite in the picture, even if it was not actually cropped."

What we are waiting for now is a new Lavery portrait of the new Lady Lavery.

The only thing that flippant people know about Lord Howard de Walden's British Drama League is that it is running a *bal masqué* at the Hyde Park Hotel on January 14.

"If it ever turns to and runs the British Drama with equal *éclat*, the British Drama is a safe spec," says Mariegold.

"That *bal masqué* is, so far, one of the few events I am quite certain will overtake me in this New Year of ours. It's all still so sketchy, with everybody away, and the weather so misleading, that I've hardly settled into 1921. But that ball has a good sound to it, and I'm going. I like most of the young people who are on the Committee, and it's called the 'Beggar's Opera Ball.' Captain McHeath and his ladies will dance and sing, and masks must be, *must* be, worn till midnight. You can get them at the ball if you've left yours at home on its peg on the hat-rack!"

What depressed Mariegold was a glimpse of M. Cambon the day before he left—almost ghost-like—in his beloved Knightsbridge.

"All his friends agree that getting out of harness did not suit him. Getting out of harness, he says, was like leaving off necessary clothing. That was the beginning of his ailments.

"But how queer, suddenly to look much older just because you have relieved yourself of work and responsibilities!"

He did not appear at the farewell dinner given in his honour by the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val.

"And they themselves were lately talking about leaving—or so it was said, though it's been contradicted now. They have been staying with Mrs. Ronald Greville at Polesden Lacy, and people were inclined to treat it as a good-bye event.

"London would have lost a beautiful woman. 'The most beautiful woman in London,' Mr. Cunningham Graham once told me. He has a leaning towards Spain. I favoured the view of the British expert, a General, who upped and said: 'No; Lady Lytton!'"

True to the terms of their ultimatum, Lord De La Warr and Diana Leigh brought off their wedding before the New Year. It had seemed, to the calmer eyes of the families concerned, that it would take longer to make due preparations. They looked forward to a wedding next autumn, some twelve months after the announcement of the engagement. When that idea was rejected, they agreed to bustle up and be ready for the spring.

"But, as I told you a few weeks ago, they had not allowed for the impetuosity of 'Buck.' Nobody believed me when I first said that the marriage would be in 1920. I don't suppose you did, although you printed it. But you see it was just pulled off—five days after Christmas, without bridesmaids or pages, and with a newspaper announcement that all friends would be 'welcome.'

That did not mean, however, that no invitations were issued. Mariegold got hers with her Christmas cards.

And Buckhurst Park, most kindly lent by Lord De La Warr's tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benson, was made ready in time for the first part of the honeymoon. Afterwards they go to the South of France, where they will find some of the friends who did not turn up for the wedding.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster paid a flying visit to Bourdon House before going to Eaton for Christmas.

"It will be interesting to see if they manage to fit their friends into Bourdon House, which is very picturesque, but small. The new Duchess is fond of dancing, but it remains to be seen if she means to give dances. He and she were more or less inseparable partners before their marriage. But that fact may go a good way to explain their enthusiasm. They are unknown quantities in the world of entertaining."

That Eaton Hall is the scene of the Cheshire Hunt Ball is hardly an index of their intentions. It came about through a hitch in

the licensing arrangements at the Grosvenor Hotel in Chester, where they had arranged to have the dance. A surprise last-minute offer—which is the sort of offer one expects from him—came from the Duke. But it is not exactly an occasion for a hostess, and so the Duchess is still a Duchess with a future.



3. . . . Awakening in the company of this charming creature. Angela does think it romantic, and is glad that Algy is at Barrowgate. . . .

Another of these same miniature establishments is to be found behind Berkeley Square—all newly painted and polished by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. And meanwhile, Lord Ribblesdale, who was the first to explore the possibilities of mews, near the Marble Arch, has married into Grosvenor Square, and deserted.

To refer again to the Devonshire House children's party next Wednesday, it is easy to add to the list of pretty persons who are interested: Lady Acheson, for instance.

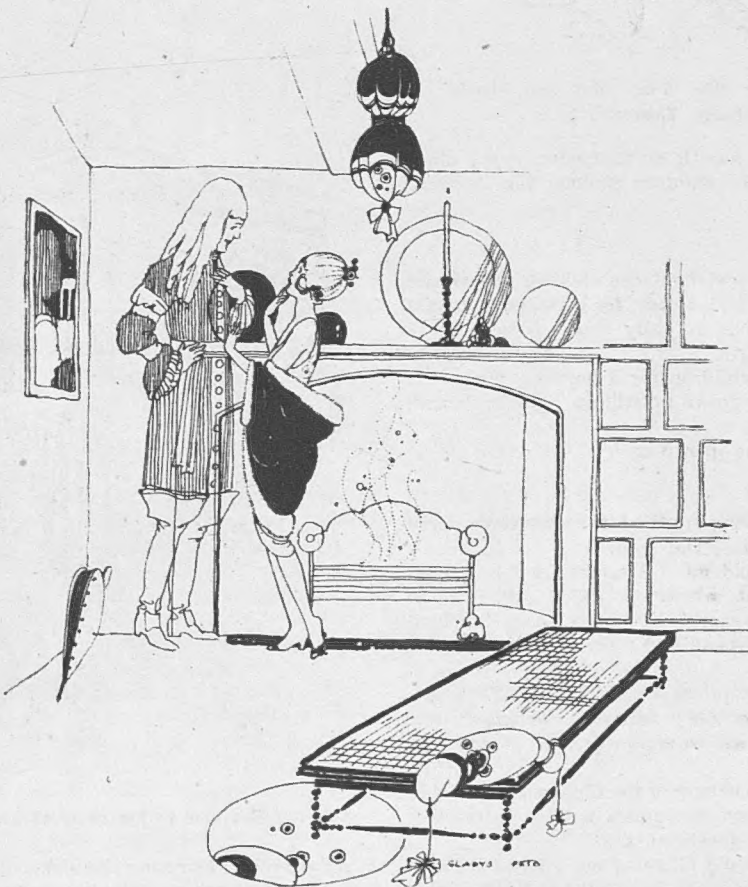
"She is the smartest possible thing in American wives, the height of Maryland's achievement in Viscountesses," says Mariegold. "And then there is Viscountess Feilding, Lady Dorothea's sister-in-law, and the Countess of Lisburne and the Countess of Rocksavage and Viscountess Campden—all of them with well-known photographs to live up to. And they manage to!"

Lady Acheson's finish acts as a very pretty foil to the malapropisms of a certain American millionairess who has been at large in London just lately. People have not yet learned to distinguish her humour from her misunderstandings and her mistakes; and when at a dinner the other night she called the Duke of Rutland "Jutland," Lord Buckmaster "Lord Bookmaker," and Lady Birkenhead "Lady Beaconsfield," she kept the table in a state of suspense.

Mariegold, for teasing's sake, maintains that she saw Captain Coldwaltham in a goatskin at the Chelsea Arts Ball. The suggestion is the more distasteful to him because he has broken with jazz, and is growing fit and ascetic on Morris-dancing under Mr. Cecil Sharp at the Chelsea Polytechnic. He prances in cricket flannels, with a waving handkerchief in either hand.

The Captain treasures a cutting from the *Times*. It states his new faith. "All are agreed that we cannot have too much of the clean tunes and healthful movements of Folk Dance as a counterpoise to the vulgar idiocy of the modern dances which are the pests of Society."

Were "all agreed" in the early hours of the first of January?



4. . . . And is terribly disappointed to find she has been wasting her coquettishness upon the family ghost.



IF one were to judge by the newspapers, the most notable event in Paris life that has recently occurred is the flight of Menalkas Duncan from the parental home. I know Menalkas, and I know his proud father, Raymond Duncan, and their case intrigues me. It raises a great point about the limits of a father's authority. Every little advanced scribbler has insisted for at least a generation that the tyranny of orthodox-minded parents must be broken, and that a child shall be considered free to live his or her own life. Very good; but what of the orthodox son of a heterodox father? Is he not to be free to break away from eccentricity if he pleases?

My curious neighbour Raymond Duncan is an Ancient Greek who hails from Modern America. You should see him in his chlamys—which means a sort of sackcloth tunic which leaves the arms and legs bare, except when on solemn occasions a more decorative material is chosen. He skips along the streets like a young hart, springing on his toes to demonstrate his joy in life, just as if he were his more famous dancing sister Isadora. Paris is a city where oddness of attire seldom attracts attention. Without any sly reference to the weirdness of feminine costume, which certainly would have to be extraordinary indeed to obtain the flattery of prolonged stares, there is a freedom to dress as you please in Paris that is equalled by no other city in the world. Chinese students sometimes arrive with paper umbrellas and flowered dresses; stately Arab chiefs do not obtain a glance as they stroll along the Boulevards; the craziest native of Montmartre, with velvet trousers and tie like a misplaced sash, is at home; and even the low-heeled sporting Misses of England we are used to. But when Raymond Duncan and his troop of Ancient Greeks are abroad they do not pass unnoticed.

Menalkas had known no other robes. Suddenly a wild yearning for what I believe is known as a billy-pot hat manifested itself. Despite the care of a vigilant father, who had brought him up on the most æsthetic principles, he felt a passionate desire for a pair of trousers. His eyes were fascinated by the romantic spectacle of roundabout coats, denied to him. Oh, the longing that consumed him when he gazed into a boot-shop window! It was in vain that Raymond Duncan called on him, in the name of Sophocles, of Æschylus, of Euripides, to shun the ugly world around him. The boy hardened his heart. He grew tired and tired of being an Ancient Greek, and thought of the Athens of "Phi-Phi," where they have American cocktails and *rosbif*. So one fine day he disappeared, and when they discovered him he had jumped clean into our own century.

There is, of course, sympathy for the fond father whose hopes must thus have been blighted, but I think Menalkas deserves a word of

sympathy too. Here is a *gosse*, as the most delicious of Paris humourists, M. G. de la Fouchardière, remarks, who from his earliest days has had inflicted on him the grotesque name of Menalkas by a father who is himself called Raymond—just like any ordinary President of the French Republic. He is not asked whether he would like to belong to this era, to France, America, or Greece. He is, willy-nilly, cut off from the society of other boys; while as for flirtations, I imagine that not even the most daring of our dainty Parisiennes would care to walk about arm-in-arm with a boy in a chlamys!

Besides, Greeks don't dress like that. At least, M. Venezelos had no chlamys when I saw him in a famous restaurant in the Place Vendôme. Neither had King Constantine when I saw him in Lucerne. Fashion has changed during the past three thousand years. *Et comment!* The chlamys may have been eminently suitable under the olive-trees of the Peloponnesus way back B.C., and yet not be at all suitable in twentieth-century Paris—except at New Year Réveillons.



AT THE LINCOLNSHIRE "STUFF BALL": THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN AND HIS WIFE, MRS. SWAYNE (SEATED); CAPTAIN FRANCIS, MISS ATKINSON, MRS. J. G. SWAYNE, AND CAPTAIN J. G. SWAYNE (STANDING).

This group was taken at the Lincolnshire Stuff Ball, which was held on December 28, under the patronage of Lady Sheffield.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

I assure you that in one of the Quartier Latin dancing establishments the acme of gaiety was only reached when vestment after vestment had been discarded by an indefatigable dancer. Never have I seen wilder merriment. The odd thing is that everybody seems to have plenty of money. When Alfred de Musset sang about Mimi Pinson, she had only one robe. Now Mimi Pinson has a fur cloak—every one of her. How is it done? It is true that at last furs are coming down in price, but the price is still steep for the heroines of Murger.

One of the happiest New Year parties in Paris was certainly that of General Mangin. It is complained that France has no large families, but there were eight sturdy children clustered round the French soldier begging him to tell them another story of the great battles of history—not forgetting the great battles in which he has played a conspicuous part. But the jolliest party was at the Olympia, where the actresses and actors were all to be found. There was the stately Regina Flory, the lively Parisys, the *petillante* Spinely; there was the comic Boucot, and the irresistible *chansonnier* Fursy. There, among the dancers, were Mlle. Mistinguett and Harry Pilcer. Max Dearly and M. André de Fouquières distributed the prizes, which included designs by H. G. Ibels, Picabia the Dadaist, and other artists known in Stageland. As for the jazz band, it was composed of some of the members of the "Six," that weird group of ultra-modern musicians. There was to have been the chasing of a hare in the ball-room with muzzled dogs and with butterfly-nets; but, although the hare was not to have been physically hurt, I was glad that this piece of fun was cut out. Besides, the mechanical rabbit which was substituted was really droll.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

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# As You Do Not Do It — We Trust!

"Good-morning — you have a charming Riviera hat in your window I think might suit me —"



"Very sweet — but I want something more for every day wear — that I could also use for a The-Tango and — perhaps occasionally slip on for a dog's motoring — you know the kind of thing!"



"I should require some lingerie — Most fascinating — I will certainly consider some sets to match my bed-room — when I know it's colour scheme"



"Now I must really settle on some Riviera Toilettes ————  
Merci — if I go South I must decidedly select some of these exquisite creations —"

Bryan de Grineau.  
Paris



"Of course I must have several pairs of satin shoes ————  
Thank you — I can decide when I have chosen exactly the flock they will have to go with —"

"Merci beaucoup — If I do not decide to go to the Winter Sports instead — I shall certainly consult you — I am forgetting the hairpins I bought? — oh, send them round to my hotel — and please be sure to book them to me —  
Good-afternoon —"



## SHOP-RANSACKING ; MADAME PREPARES TO MIGRATE.

This is the season for shop-ransacking, prior to Madame's departure for her winter holiday. Whether she be bound for the South or for winter-sports resorts, she must replenish her wardrobe; and

it is necessary to review the models at every house of fashion! One must inspect, and then escape without having made a purchase! It is a great game—for Madame!

# Sun, Snow, and Society: The Swiss Winter Playground.



OFF ON A SKI-ING EXPEDITION: MISS HADCOCK (RIGHT) AND MISS MAJOR.



WATCHING A - CURLING MATCH: LADY MOIR (LEFT) AND LADY LOBNITZ (RIGHT).



GOING FOR A RUN ON LUGES: LADY MALCOLM (RIGHT) AND MISS GRUNDY.



ON THE RINK AT MÜRREN: SIR IAN MALCOLM, K.C.M.G. (RIGHT) AND A FRIEND.

Sun, Snow, and Society are all to be found in Switzerland at the moment. Our page shows a few of the well-known folk who are enjoying the crisp, invigorating atmosphere proper to winter sports. Miss Hadcock is the daughter of Lady Hadcock; Lady Lobnitz is the

wife of Sir Frederick Lobnitz, K.B.E., and the sister of Lord Cowdray; Lady Malcolm is the wife of Sir Ian Malcolm, K.C.M.G.; and Miss Grundy is the daughter of the late Sydney Grundy. These are just a few of the well-known people now winter-sporting.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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## Once Imprisoned by Bolshevists: A Grand Duchess.



SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA : THE COUNTESS BRASSOW.

The Countess Brassow is the wife of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch of Russia, brother of the late Tsar. She escaped from her distracted country about two years ago, after having been detained in a Bolshevist prison for some months.

This beautiful reproduction is from a study by the brilliant young artist, George Klin, whose work is certain to attract much attention in the near future. This portrait is a characteristically charming example of his style.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GEORGE KLIN.

## LE BEAU BOXEUR: THE WORLD'S



### IN THE RING AND OUT OF IT: GEORGES CARPENTIER

Georges Carpentier, the wonderful French boxer, who can defend his title of Champion of the Ring without losing the classic perfection of feature for which he is famed, was recently received by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace, and presented to Prince Henry and Prince George. He is perhaps the most popular pugilist the world has ever known, and has a war fighting record of which he may well be

Photographs by S. and

## WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS FIGHTER.



### GEORGES CARPENTIER — HIS LATEST PORTRAITS.

proud. Great interest was felt all over the world when he became a proud father in December. Carpentier expressed his disappointment that Mlle. Jacqueline Carpentier, his infant daughter, will not be able to become a boxer; but he has announced that she is to be a champion lawn-tennis player. She held her first reception recently, when she was four days old, and was introduced by her father to a number of his friends.

# Striking and Purposeful: Galsworthy's Successful Play.



## HARRIS CARICATURES: "THE SKIN GAME," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

"The Skin Game," by Mr. John Galsworthy, has been one of the notable successes of the time. Produced at the St. Martin's in April, it is still going strong. The "game" which is depicted in this striking and purposeful drama may be described as a fight without gloves,

and with no referee, between Squire Hillcrist, Lord of the Manor and hereditary landowner, and Hornblower, successful and energetic business man. Each is out for the other's skin, and neither shrinks from the use of cruel weapons, which force a tragic issue.



## FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



MR. D. H. LAWRENCE'S study of a "daughter of comfort and woe"—that is, of the spinster Alvina Houghton in "The Lost Girl"—is a matter of darkling power. No doubt about the power. The unfolding of this story of the strange girl, who had some beauty, but who seemed to scare away the few middle-class young men of the mining town of Woodhouse with "the look of old knowledge and deliberate derision at the back of her eyes," is told with, perhaps, a more direct art than Mr. Lawrence has yet shown.

The atmosphere of the petty town, and the attitudes of its petty people; the morgue-like aridity of the great house and shop in which Alvina's father, "genuinely refined, somewhat in the Bulwer manner," steadily frittered away his powers and income in poetic schemes too clever for the world and Woodhouse; the pictures of several women devoted to him each in their individual way; and all the emotions of Alvina's instinctive man-hunting, in the maternity hospital, in chapel, and finally in her father's cinema palace, where the Neapolitan Cico, who believes that while one might love anybody, "marriage means a kitchen," comes into her life—all these things are conveyed with a sense of description and force which makes the whole prospect living.

It is masterly. And yet that sense of darkness inflicts one even as one is impressed. Cico, with his "dark mesmeric love, which did not let her be herself. It extinguished her. Yet somewhere she was almost exalted," and the whole of the little group that make up the strange music-hall company in which he figures, seem non-human and brutish. There is a soullessness about the furtive and untender love-making that preys upon the mind. One misses the thrill of strange beauty which one has come to recognise as the quickening force of Mr. Lawrence's genius. And when, after the strange elopement of Alvina and Cico to the harsh little hamlet on the edge of the Abruzzi, one finds Mr. Lawrence talking of "atavistic love," one has a feeling that he has provided an adequate label.

"Lips at the Brim" also deals with the people of a mining community, the Village of Dredgecot in the Midlands. It is by a new author, A. Newberry Choyce, and the book is part of an experiment in producing new novels cheaply. It is a book that perplexes. It opens delightfully. The study of the childhood of Peter Sherwin Crane is full of dry humour, and charming and vivid observation. The Row, Dredgecot, is under the domination of Granny Sherwin, "who was eighty and looked a hundred," and who, having "wilfully taken on the responsibilities which wearing the breeches in her own household entailed, found worry so spicy in relieving the monotony of life, that she now aspired to wearing the nether garments of the whole Row." With this redoubtable lady commanding the scene, and with other pawky characters very much in evidence, the early days of Peter could not possibly lack individuality.

Then Peter goes to a high school on his progress to a Teachers' University course and the war, and immediately something drastic seems to happen to the author's sense of humour. In a strange blend of realism and sentimentalism, Peter becomes involved in several love affairs, blooms into the complete prig at his University, and accomplishes Ouidaish heroisms on the field of battle. He

ends with a narrow escape from purple passion with a poetess in New York, and seeks harbourage with a simple-life heroine on a Western farm. . . . And all the time one mourned the lost humour of the first pages.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Emma Hadfield's "Among the Natives of the Loyalty Group" is a valuable book. But not only is it as complete as any record can be of the vanishing customs and traditions of "the laughter-loving people" of gem-like islands in the Southern Seas, it is entrancing, interesting, and charming as well on every page.

Mrs. Hadfield has put into her book that lively and sympathetic interest which has enabled her to search out all that is worth knowing about the people of Lifu and Uvea, where she lived for many years. She displays the whole process of life, from the birth feast called

"eating the baby," to the last operations of the medicine man, or the spells of the "Tene haze"—the sorcerer—in the attempts to prevent the secret burial—it was not good for cannibals to know where a dead man was buried—in a hole of a cliff overlooking the lovely and familiar sea.

There are even notes on cannibal cuisine, and the information that the practice came about partly through famine, and partly through the overwhelming craving for meat that prolonged vegetarian diet begets—a dreadful warning to our own Nutfooders. Cannibalism, of course, has gone out of fashion, and instead, the natives eat civilised food, such as one consisting of a piece of bread spread with a thick layer of butter, then jam, then condensed milk, and lastly mustard. Is this progress, one wonders?

There is also much illumination on the feminist question in Lifu. As a race of agriculturists, one gathers that it was a supremely canny fellow who evolved the superstition that food planted by the hand of the male will never grow. So the women do the planting. They do everything, in fact, that is rather tiring: carrying, for instance, is *infra dig* for a man. The male contents himself with the superior things of life. He fishes, he fights discreetly in strictly limited wars, and does his hair elaborately. He spends weeks doing his hair—sometimes, if he is a Blood, bleaching it golden—and he also anoints himself considerably with oils and perfumes. These things are not for mere woman. She does her hair anyhow, and never perfumes, and when she is promoted to a dress at all, a short fringe of cocoanut matting is good enough for every one of them—and there are no changing

fashions. The only time that woman has a voice is when she is a mother-in-law; then, if she disapproves of the new wife, she can send her packing home, even though her son finds her to his liking.

Certainly, on every page there is something good; you can learn why the natives smile at earthquakes—it is only the demon of the underworld trying to pull the yams out of the ground by the bottom of their roots. You can learn, in fact, the whole course of a primitive life, from its homely habits to its sorcery and legends, in the course of this quite charming book.



THE AUTHOR OF "A PEKE'S PILGRIMAGE":  
MRS. FREDERICK ROMER.

Mrs. Frederick Romer is the author of a delightful book, "A Peke's Pilgrimage," recently published by Cecil Palmer at 5s. It is an amusing tale of the life and death of one of the popular Pekinese, and is illustrated with fascinating drawings by Captain G. D. Tidmarsh.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Lost Girl. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker; 9s.)

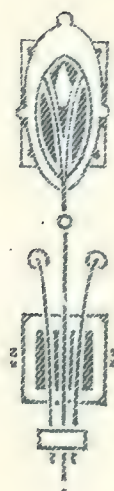
Lips at the Brim. By A. Newberry Choyce. (Bale, Sons and Danielsson; 6s.)

Among the Natives of the Loyalty Group. By E. Hadfield. (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.)

## The Duke of Westminster and His Bride.



TALKING TO LADY URSULA GROSVENOR. THE NEW DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (RIGHT).



AT THE WRENBURY MEET OF THE CHESHIRE: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (LEFT).

The Duke of Westminster and his new Duchess, who, before her recent marriage, was Mrs. Rowley, second daughter of Sir William and Lady Nelson, have been out with the Cheshire recently. Our photographs, which were taken at a meet at Wrenbury, show both

the Duke and the Duchess. The latter is talking to her step-daughter, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the elder of the Duke's two daughters by his first marriage, who, like her father, is a keen rider to hounds.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo Co.]

# Married To-day, at Crawford Priory Private Chapel.



THE EARL OF ELGIN'S BRIDE: THE HON. KATHERINE COCHRANE, M.B.E.

The Hon. Katherine Cochrane, M.B.E., whose marriage to the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine is celebrated to-day, Jan. 5, in the private chapel at Crawford Priory, Springfield, Fife, is the elder daughter of

Lord Cochrane of Cults. Her bridegroom, Lord Elgin, C.M.G., is the tenth Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, and has a fine place in Fife—Broomhall, Dunfermline.—[*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*]



## Without Prejudice

AT the London Pavilion the other evening, we . . . (Loud and prolonged sensation. Cries of "Where did he get the money?" and a voice: "Wait until you try to prove the will.") . . . oh, very well then, if you don't want to listen to me, of course you needn't, and there is nothing in the world except the attractiveness of those pictures on the page opposite to prevent you from walking straight out of the meeting and going right to the other end of the paper to read the "Notes on Dog-Fancying," or whatever it is they have on the next page . . . now then, do you want, as Mr. A. inquired of the London Irish at the Albert Hall, do you want to hear the truth? . . . very well, keep—will someone put that woman outside, whilst we start a new paragraph?

No. We did not get in by shamming illness in the street outside, and making an appeal to Mr. Cochran's almost morbid sense of humanity. And it was not a Saturday night, either, because we are not Spending It Now. Or just yet. But it was—and it is only fair to testify to it—the best evening of revue that one had seen since Miss Elsie Janis at the Palace in the cold weather of 1919. So there. And if that isn't good enough for you, what, we should like to know, is?

Mr. Nelson Keys—he must have got tired of being told so—is a Master *in petto*. The *Times* probably says that it is all his virtuosity. But ordinary human beings, who paid for their seats, must be content just to state that he makes them laugh. And for the right reasons. Without back falls. Or false noses. Or carefully cultivated and retained mannerisms, at which one laughs in some of our most cherished entertainers for old sake's sake. No. He just impersonates comically. And he is beyond words, thorough. There is a re-immigrant Hun in the opening scene who is a shade conventional and hardly worthy of him. But the rest of him is of the first water.

Perhaps the best of it is his singing in the Spanish scene (was it just the printer or Mr. Cochran himself who called the Plaza "a Spanish Plaz"? ) of one verse of a ballad in Spanish of the old London vintage which Arthur Roberts once made so popular in French. Almost equally well studied is his twittering little Japanese juggler, whose excessive dentition is a miracle of art, and kept one in an agony of apprehension for Mr. Keys' expectation of life.

Supported, as they say, by an Excellent Company. Miss Georgia O'Ramey brings with her an atmosphere of Transatlantic romp. And she does it well enough. That sort of gaiety can be, as one remembers with anguish, distressingly un-infectious (or is it

"disinfectious"?). But handled by Miss O'Ramey the method is completely successful, and she deserves every ounce of applause that she earns by her hard and honest work.

Quite a different line of country was traversed by the Latin contribution of Señorita Laura de Santelmo, who was still there when I visited the Pav. In a Spanish scene, in which the *décor* is agreeable, a number of attractive young ladies in combs and mantillas have stamped and wriggled in a manner that struck you at the time as quite sufficiently Spanish. To them, however, entered (in great, swinging ear-rings and with shining black hair) a lady who played the castanets as instruments of modulated music instead of a mere incidental noise, and danced them all off and under the stage, until, when the applause and she had gone, they started to stamp and wriggle again, and you saw what Spanish dancing *was*—and isn't.

Miss Nellie Taylor makes her greatest contribution to thought in the trio of sex problems as acted in London, Paris, and New York, from which the revue takes its name. Her manner and appearance as the French wife were perfect. So was her maid's skirt. And both, if we may say so, were all too short in their appearance. The same was true of Mr. Arthur Roberts. We all wanted to enjoy him again for his own sake and for the sake of our long, too long, memories.

The real truth of the matter is that Mr. Wimperis knows how to write revue dialogue and songs. One gets, with him at the desk, away from the popular conception that a revue consists of a snappy title and a consecutive noise. His wit makes the whole affair a series of flings at contemporary butts and idols—although he seemed

a trifle obsessed with some private joke or other about the nationality of variety managers. The truth is that we are not greatly interested in these trade union titters of the Profession and its impresarios. What matters is the wit and the acting, and that we get in full measure from Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Nelson Keys.

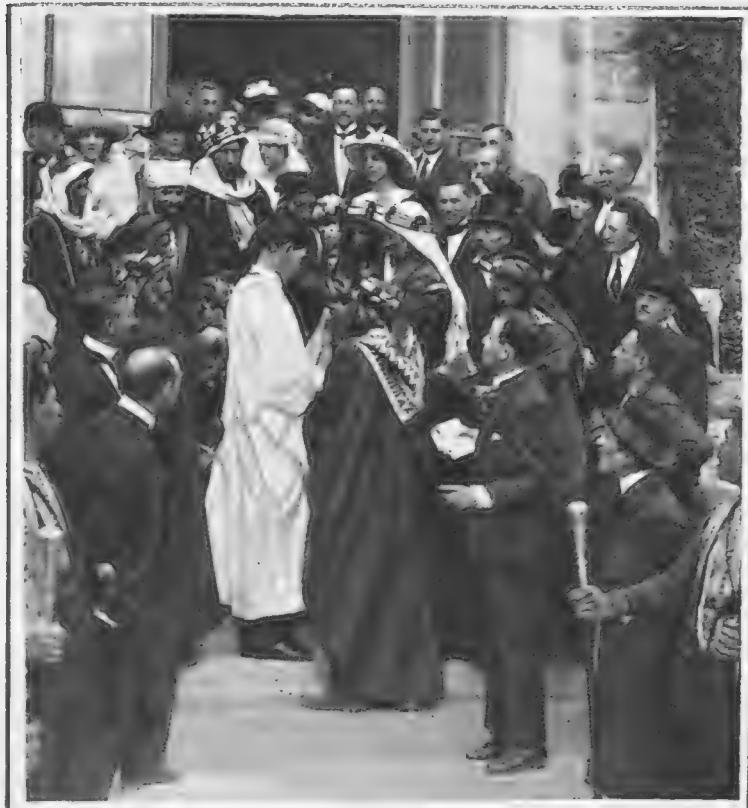
And Mr. Hugh Wakefield really deserves the beginning of a new paragraph all to himself. Because his curtain lecture has something of the quality of that most personal of all touches that ever passed between actor and audience, the old atmosphere of the Folies. And the librettist deserved all our thanks for expressing the faint enthusiasm which we all feel for our late Associates, the dry-goods gentlemen from the U.S.A. One had grown so sadly accustomed to the insincere veneration which is so loudly expressed across a thousand British footlights for everything west of Sandy Hook. Because we don't feel that way really. Not a bit.



"P.T." IN "PYJIES"! MISS DOROTHY MINTO IN GLADYS UNGER'S COMEDY.

Miss Dorothy Minto is playing in Gladys Unger's brilliant little comedy, "A Man in Mary's Room," which is one of the playlets on the Grand Guignol bill of fare at the Little Theatre. Our photograph shows her practising "physical jerks" in her pyjamas.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

# Sir Herbert Samuel's Son Weds—and Becomes a Sheikh.



MR. EDWIN HERBERT SAMUEL INITIATED AS A SHEIKH :  
THE BRIDEGROOM'S INVESTITURE IN BEDOUIN DRESS.



WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS GRASOVSKY : MR. E. H. SAMUEL,  
SON OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE.



DEPICTING THE AIN KARIM VALLEY, NEAR JERUSALEM :  
THE WEDDING-CAKE.

The marriage of Mr. Edwin Herbert Samuel, son of Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner for Palestine, to Miss Hadassa Grasovsky, of Jaffa, was celebrated recently at Government House (the ex-Kaiser's Palace), Jerusalem. The bride's father is a well-known Jewish writer and teacher. He and his family were expelled from Palestine by the Turks during the war. As the bridal pair passed out from the marriage booth into the courtyard, for a photograph to be taken,



SHOWING THE NEBY SAMUEL, THE HIGHEST PROMONTORY  
N.W. OF JERUSALEM : ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAKE.

Sheikh Abu Midden invested the bridegroom with Bedouin garments, initiating him as a Sheikh of Beersheba. The wedding-cake was presented by the American Colony. It weighed 80 lb., and was decorated with scenes taken from round Jerusalem. The view of the Ain Karim Valley is worthy of special attention, as it was from this valley that the assault on the Turks holding the trench system round Jerusalem was successfully launched on Dec. 8, 1917.



## ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

### A Year for Hoylake.

If the world were right again, there would be many to rejoice that, apart from all considerations of the events themselves, the playing, winning, and losing of them, the two championships, Open and Amateur, will be held this year at St. Andrews and Hoylake respectively. That is the first thing we discover from a glance upon the calendar of the new golfing year, which is rapidly filling up, and already contains some wondrous announcements. For it always used to be considered in the past that when, by the strange working of the rotas of the courses on which the two championships are played, they came, as rarely, to be held on these two courses in the same season—those of greatest prestige in Scotland and England—the signs were good for golf in every way, and, anyhow, two enjoyable meetings were assured. This year—well, as with everything else, one does not know. It appears, anyhow, as if this were to be a Hoylake sort of year, since the Universities have also chosen the famous links of the Royal Liverpool Club for their annual match. With all sorts and conditions of golfers, Hoylake has always been a great favourite, perhaps the best in the whole country. To those who have not golfing eyes to see with, it is a dull-looking sort of place. Glimpses of Mersey and Dee have to be looked for before they are discovered; and for the rest, the old place used to be called just the "Rabbit Warren"; and those, unseeing, who do not understand, might think that this would still be a fair name for it. Yet everybody agrees that it is one of the finest courses we have, and the first hole—the result largely of an artificial circumstance in the intrusion of an enclosed piece of ground—is in many respects one of the most splendid of the famous historical holes, and certainly the severest opening to any championship course.

**Past and Present.** The course remains, the Amateur Championship there this year may be what it is hoped to be, but Hoylake is not the same as of old. The fine golfing atmosphere of the place cannot be in all respects what it used to be. The great Jack Graham, one of the three famous sons of Hoylake, fell in the war; it may be that another and the greatest of those sons, Mr. John Ball, will, for the first time since he became a good golfer, not play in a championship on the course which is literally at his front door, for he has fallen out of championships now. It may indeed be that it may not be his own front door, for we heard recently that the family were disposed to part with their proprietorship of the Royal Hotel, alongside the seventeenth green, which was the first club-house of what is now the Royal Liverpool Club, and contains the original lockers of the members, and around which so many splendid traditions of the earliest days of English golf are clustered. But still there is a great strength in Hoylake,

and there will always be that while the course remains and golf is golf. John Ball himself was the winner of the last Amateur Championship that was played there, eleven seasons back. Long ago as it is, there hardly seems to have been the war in between, as one reconstructs in imagination the scene at the opening of the afternoon round in the final that year, when the Hoylake veteran was making himself the easiest of winners, and children were surrounding this modest man on his way to the first hole, asking him to tarry in his progress to sign their bits of paper with his name, which he was doing accordingly—a strange final!

### Oddities of History.

Just lately questions have arisen as to amateurism and professionalism. How about any question of the great John Ball at any time in his life being thought of in connection with professionalism? As is known, the first Amateur Championship of all, the "unofficial" one, as it is called, not being included in the records, took place here, and the committee controlling the event had some awkward problems to deal with beforehand. In those days there was no definite rule as to who were amateurs in golf and who were not, and guidance for decision on the point was taken from other sports. It seemed clear that anyone who had accepted a money prize could not be an amateur, and the committee discovered that, some years previously, John Ball, when only a boy, had played in the Open Championship, and, reaching the prize list, had taken the money, which was a matter of some ten shillings or so. Of course it was ridiculous to think of making him a professional for that and refusing his entry; but the case was a little difficult, because the eminent, famous Douglas Rolland had applied for entry, and he was apparently similarly disqualified. But in certain ways there was a difference between the cases, and the committee took John Ball and rejected Rolland. From those early days—and earlier—what good history and what fine tales have become attached to Hoylake—more,

one is inclined to think, than to any other course, even the old Scottish favourites, within the same period. On the night before the great Freddy Tait won the Amateur Championship there—he then, of course, being in the final—he was heard playing the pipes on his way home from the club-house in the small hours of the morning—"Nice preparation for a final," thought one who from his bed heard the music. Is the story really true of John Ball himself playing Hoylake in a certain number of strokes in the dark? And of a villain who, seeing two balls come over the hill to the green of the blind Alps hole, just put them both into the hole, and some time later, when the innocents who played them thought they had both holed in one, watched them make a dash for the club-house to spread the great news? The hundred best golf stories would contain fifty of Hoylake, surely.



THE WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN TRAINER AND RIDER: THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS.

The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings is the wife of Lord Huntingdon's younger brother, the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, who is well known as a trainer and gentleman rider. Mrs. Hastings, who is the daughter of Mr. T. Forsyth-Forest, is herself an ardent sports-woman and a keen rider to hounds.

Photograph by Rouch.

was apparently similarly disqualified. But in certain ways there was a difference between the cases, and the committee took John Ball and rejected Rolland. From those early days—and earlier—what good history and what fine tales have become attached to Hoylake—more,



OUT WITH THE "KILLING KILDARES": GENERAL E. A. FANSHAW; MRS. F. ST. J. BLACKER; AND MISS FANSHAW (L. TO R.).

Our photograph shows three well-known followers of the "Killing Kildares." General E. A. Fanshaw lives at Rathmore, Naas, and is the father of Miss Fanshaw; and Mrs. F. St. J. Blacker, of Castlemartin, Newbridge, is well known in Irish Society.—(Photograph by Poole, Waterford.)

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SYRINGA

# ABDULLA'S BEST

OR  
INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.

*Do not miss the first instalment of this superb Serial, possibly the most intensely human document these celebrated Authors have ever penned.*



KENNETH

## CHAPTER I.

### THE COIL OF THE SERPENT.

THE vast auditorium of the Felicity Music Hall was crowded to the brim. Two thousand lips closed tensely on a thousand Virginian Abdulla Cigarettes, the delicious fragrance of which permeated the air, electric with expectation.

Two thousand eyes were rivetted on the red plush curtains, when, to a crash of Oriental music, they parted, and Zara, the Snake-Charmer, glided on to the stage. Her lissom waist was encircled by the coils of a gigantic boa-constrictor, and her inky blue-black tresses fell in torrents to her knees.

In the stalls were seated Sir Kenneth and Lady Syringa Satinwood. They had been wedded but the week before, and Syringa, whose innocent feet had never strayed beyond the confines of the ancestral domain, was now wading knee-deep in the whirlpool of fashionable London life. She was attired in girlish muslin, and wore a simple primrose in her hair, which grew in sunny curls from the top of her head.

Her delicate little nose was daintily placed midway between two baby blue orbs, which remained glued to the strong, square face of Sir Kenneth. Six foot ten in his hat, and broad or broader in proportion, few indeed were the women who did not pause to look twice when he came within their ken.

Zara, the Snake-Charmer, looked three times, paling beneath her rouge—then, with a visible effort, she braced herself to begin the performance.



... leapt like an arrow from the bow to the feet of Sir Kenneth.

At the appearance of the undulating and mottled reptile, Syringa gave a refined shudder and nestled closer to Sir Kenneth, who was staring glassily at the beautiful Zara. To Syringa's intense surprise she felt the muscles of his arm standing out like iron bands, until the broadcloth of his immaculate evening dress suddenly burst with a loud report.

"Kenneth, darling, are you feverish?" she murmured. A violent spasm shook Sir Kenneth's iron frame and, after a convulsive contortion, his face resumed its accustomed squareness. "No," he said, in a voice he vainly strove to make recognisable. Something fell to the floor. It was the Virginian Abdulla that he had bitten through under the stress of intense emotion.

Up in the gallery a man with a twisted nose fingered a sharp kukri in his tailcoat pocket. "Not yet," he hissed, and emitted a sardonic cough.

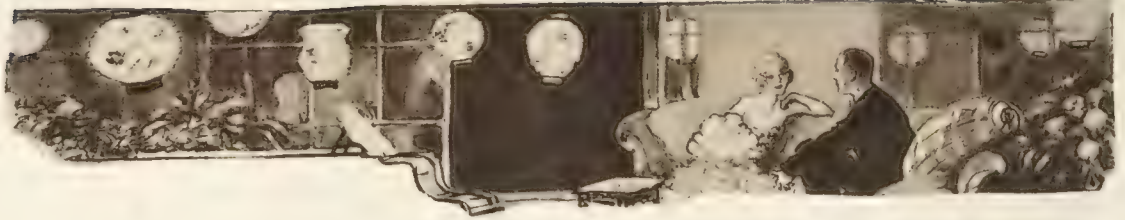
But what have we to do with the *canaille* in this *galère*? Ah, we do not know yet. Possibly a further instalment will show. And now let us return to the stage—

The boa-constrictor, who had been fox-trotting with all its far-famed skill, suddenly stiffened like a ram-rod, and, with one mighty bound, leapt like an arrow from the bow to the feet of Sir Kenneth.

The patrician jaws of the latter shut with a snap upon Abdulla's choicest brand.

*(Another Magnificent Instalment of this great Serial will appear next week)*

# Small Talk



NO one, even in war time, could have accused New Year's Eve revellers of lack of spirit—except, of course, of the "thirty under proof" brand with which we are all so dismally familiar. But last Friday was a distinct improvement on the last six years. Here, again, the change was not due to the beverages. But somehow,

for the first time since the war, revellers really seemed to have recovered their cheerfulness. Before 1918, New Year's Eve festivities were at best more or less make-believe affairs. Directly after the Armistice we had hardly realised that war was over. Last year peace had not been finally signed, sealed, and delivered all round. This year—well, this year is different. How or why, it would be difficult exactly to define, but almost any one will bear out the statement.



**MARRIED AT ST. COLUMBA'S, PONT STREET: MRS. G. INGLIS KIRKCALDY (MISS M. ROBERTSON NICOLL).**

Miss Mildred Robertson Nicoll, younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Robertson Nicoll, was married last week at St. Columba's, Pont Street, to Mr. George Inglis Kirkcaldy, (Black Watch), only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Melville Kirkcaldy.

of cut. If you meet a family party, all wearing an intent look, trekking towards Regent Street or Oxford Street, or even High Street Kensington, you can at once assume that they're going "sale shopping" from purely patriotic motives. It's a long time

*Sale Time.* And to emphasise the note of "difference" there come the "sales"; and if "father" is not making out lists of his own personal requirements, he ought to be. Never (see the papers) have there been such bargains in socks, or so many faultless shirts "given away." As for suits and things, the unfortunate Filipinos, condemned to wear trousers by order, might even rejoice at an opportunity for displaying the perfection

since prices have been so down, and since "two-and-eleven-three" has had such vast purchasing power.

*All Gone—* As the nurse says to the baby with a passion for sucking the paint off Teddy's trumpet. No more red tabs, no more scarlet bands, no more nice little golden oak-leaves to trim the peaks of Staff caps. Pity the poor Staff man shorn of these glories, and condemned to wear, in their stead, coloured armlets and the ordinary regimental head-dress. Whether the "General Staff" and "Divisional Staff" stock will experience a slump it is still too early to say. But, frankly, a grey armlet, even a black one with red edges, does seem a poor exchange for the glories described above, does it not?

*Some Consolation.* However, there is still a chance of gaining "guilty" glory. If you are a Major, there remains the chance of wearing a regimental cap

adorned with a nice gold peak. It's the Staff Captain and the smart young "Loots" who are to be pitied. They have nothing left to distinguish them from the mere regimental officer but the grey or red-edged black armlets already described. The Staff Colonels and Generals and Field-Marschals have the field of glory—so to speak—to themselves. For them there still remain the joys of red-tabbed tunics, millinery decorated with oak-leaves, and the scarlet bands that tell of Staff rank—

The giddy "Loot" no more  
May sport the gold oak-leaf;  
His armlet's black or grey—  
You'll understand his grief.

*Also Going.* With Devonshire House in the hands of a syndicate credited with awful designs for its future, it's not to be wondered at that the noble Marquess who owns

Lansdowne House should be disposing of the lease of that mansion. Besides, the gardens adjoin: they are, in fact, only divided by a ditch and a foot-bridge; so that it is quite on the cards that, even supposing the owner could have borne the presence of less exalted neighbours with equanimity, his privacy might not have been respected as he wished.

*They Do Not Want It*

No one wants to be Viceroy of India, which is all the more curious when one remembers that the position carries certain quite definite privileges, not to mention prestige of the kind to which very few men—or women, for the wife of a Viceroy in India cannot be said to have a dull time—are at heart indifferent. Perhaps by the time these words appear in print we shall know upon whom the lot has fallen. Meantime, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Reading, Lord Willingdon, and the Duke of Devonshire are all credited with having refused the honour. Lord Chelmsford, it is reported, favours Sir George Lloyd as

his successor. Sir George, who has been Governor of Bombay since the end of 1918, was M.P. for West Staffordshire, earned a D.S.O. in the war, and is an acknowledged authority on Balkan questions. Lady Lloyd was the Hon. Blanche Lascelles, and a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra. A student of Eastern politics, Sir George would no doubt fill the rôle of Viceroy very well. At least, at the moment of writing, he has not been credited with declining to accept the honour



**RECENTLY MARRIED AT ST. MARGARET'S WESTMINSTER: MRS. WILLIAMSON SMITH HOWELL, FORMERLY MISS CHARLOTTE A. BARTH.**

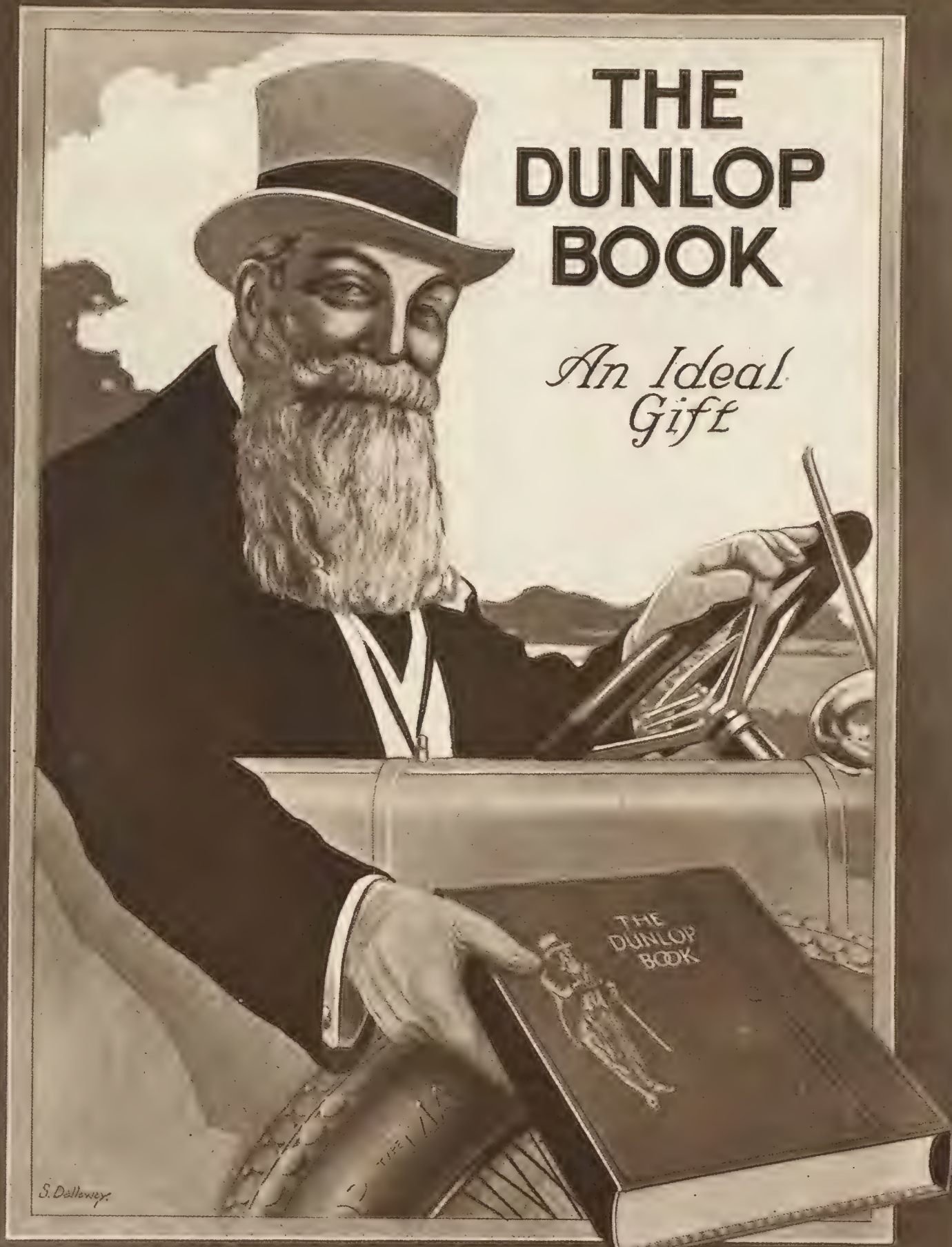
The marriage of Mr. Williamson Smith Howell, Secretary to the United States Legation at Prague, and formerly second Secretary of the American Embassy in London, to Miss Charlotte A. Barth, daughter of the late Joseph Barth, of Denver, and of Mrs. Barth, took place recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Davis, the American Ambassador, gave the bride away, and Mr. J. Butler Wright, Counsellor of the Embassy, was best man.—[Photograph by Marceau.]



**RECOGNISED AS ROYAL: PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE (FORMERLY MRS. LEEDS) AND HER HUSBAND.**

Great interest has been aroused by the announcement that Princess Christopher of Greece (who, before her marriage to King Constantine's brother, was Mrs. Leeds, the wealthy American widow) has been recognised as Royal; while Mme. Manos, widow of King Alexander, is not so recognised. This statement was made recently by King Constantine to a number of foreign journalists.

Photograph by C.N.



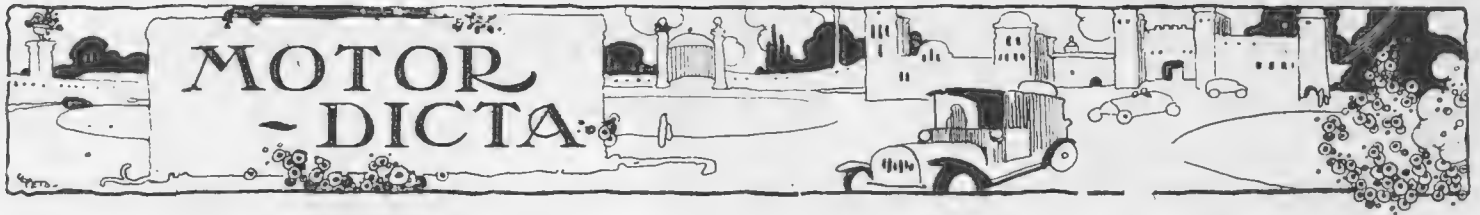
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The Motorist's Guide to the British Isles



## BE WISE IN TIME: INSURANCE UNCERTAINTIES. By GERALD BISS.

THE great automobile interrogation of the moment is—have you got your license? Many have applied, but few so far, in comparison, have been supplied with this new and essential spare part, without which the future travel by road will be adjudged unsafe—or, at best, extremely costly. To the dilatory who have dallied over the advent of the New Year, and endeavoured, with futility, to postpone the evil day, I give the wise advice, so oft given to gentle maidens, not to tarry. Motorists may be sure that the month of grace now swiftly passing was given in no philautomobile spirit by the myrmidons of Little Eric, but merely for their own convenience, as they had left themselves too short a time to execute their foul plots. There will be no symptoms of this kindly grace after February 1 (unless, perchance, they be still self-strangled in their own red-tape meshes), if a motorist fail to expose—it was on the point of my stylo to write: “produce,” from force of habit—his license. For, though there be this moon of grace in the matter of consummation, there is no grace in the matter of application; and he who applies on the thirty-first of January and obtaineth not, verily his name will be anathema on the first of February, if bailed up for lack of the one thing needful. On the other hand, those who obtain early should be in no undue haste to fix their new license-holder to their car, lest they do so in a wrong place, or one less desirable than that ultimately allowed by the wording of the Act, as officially interpreted. The Ministry of Transport itself recognises that the instruction as to position is distinctly on the vague side, making for trouble with beaks, coppers, and all such hostile forces, and is expected to issue a covering memorandum, or a more definite instruction, as to the permissible or compulsory location of this vicious little tell-tale circle of brass or nickel—or gold, studded with precious stones, in the case of Debrett's new “Landed Without Being Gentry.”

### Fresh Demand for Unity.

Further, with the advent of the New Year there are welcome rumours of a fresh and strong effort to be made to obtain unanimity in Automobildom amongst the many and various bodies which cater for all sorts and conditions of motor-users, whose name is something devilish like legion; and by their very plethora they weaken where they should be pillars of strength. Last year, over the taxation

The Motor Legislation Committee was an honest attempt, well backed, to create unanimity in matters of legislation; but it fell short and became to a large extent impotent, because the R.A.C. and the Commercial Motor Users' Association stood aloof for their own reasons. In fact, it is held by many that we have mainly the latter to thank



OUT WITH LORD LECONFIELD'S: THE YOUNG DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Our photograph, which was taken at a meet of Lord Leconfield's Hounds at Arundel, shows the young Duke of Norfolk, the sixteenth holder of the title, Premier Duke and Hereditary Marshal of England. He was born in 1908, and succeeded his father, the fifteenth Duke, in 1917.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

for the new burden of taxation by horse-power, if not by its activity, certainly by the passive encouragement of its attitude—a view which was considerably strengthened by Sir Henry Maybury's recent speech at the Institute of Transport. After the interim report of the Committee on Taxation, the Roads Ministry was simply yearning for a little encouragement and support; and it got it from the C.M.U.A. at the critical juncture. There is no saying but that a firm and united stand would not have driven it to yield to the great demand of logical taxation in proportion to use, by means of a revised impost upon fuel. This year, before it be very old, will find us face to face with the new Motor Car Bill, which will prove a lasting whip for the back of motorists if they do not make themselves felt during its progress through Parliament.

**Policies that Protect.** Again, with many this is the season of the renewal of their insurance policies; and in this connection I had a very interesting letter during the off season of Christmas, with reference to the “Fugle Maid” case from a party of motorists, who were shocked into writing at the horrible possibility of being called upon suddenly to pay £6000—or more!—through the negligence of their driver, a perusal of their insurance policies not making it definite as to whether they were covered or not against such a financial catastrophe. All I can say is that if I had a policy which did not, I should promptly change my office, that's ail! My correspondents do not mention any office or offices by name, and, personally, I do not recall any policy which excludes claims because of negligence on the part of an owner or his driver. To my mind, any such exclusion would be intolerable. Anyhow, it is easy enough to get a policy from most of, if not all the best offices which will indemnify one against third-party claims and damage to one's own car “by accidental collision or overturning from any cause, whether due to negligence or misjudgment of the driver or any other person”—to quote one of

them. Also, in the same policy there is no exclusion under “third-party claims” of claims resulting from the negligence of the driver, but a full indemnity for all claims for compensation in respect of accidents caused by the vehicle insured. If in doubt, consult the A.A. or the R.A.C. Such points are essentially included in the functions of both. It is not worth anyone's while driving an uninsured car, or one with a questionable policy.



AT A MEET AT ARUNDEL: LADY LECONFIELD DRIVING AND THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK ON FOOT.

This photograph was taken when Lord Leconfield's Hounds met recently at Arundel. Lady Leconfield is driving, and Lady Rachel Howard may be seen on the back seat; while the Duchess of Norfolk is on foot, talking to Lady Leconfield.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

question (which has now indeed come home to roost, to the disgruntlement of all car-owners) the futility was painfully obvious, despite the energy and the money expended—mainly owing to lack of unanimity. This point has been laboured for many years; and it is high time that the motoring bodies took it to heart, before those who pay the piper get finally fed up, after the nasty pocket-lesson of the taxation miscarriage, with this self-seeking state of inefficiency.

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First choice .. .. £5  
Second choice .. .. £3  
Third choice .. .. 30/-

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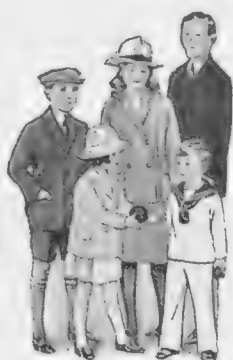
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## THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

WHEN asked what she thought of the children's party, Maisie, who is becoming daily more Mrs. Malapropian, said: "Oh, it wasn't quite as bad as I thought it would be. In fact, it was quite a responsible party."

A man marries for something to do; a woman for nothing to do.

During her first trip to the United States of America, a demure and diffident little English lady found herself fearfully lonely in the great, bustling, hustling hotel where she was compelled to stay while waiting for her future host to arrive and guide her out to the West. But, as the days went by, her loneliness increased in fearfulness through the obvious attentions paid her by a bulk of a man whose looks were ominous, but whose heart was as pure as the Sunny South climate whence he hailed. Filled with tender compassion for the lonely lady, and moved to sympathy by her attitude, the big man finally approached her and said: "Say, little strange lady, I guess you don't know no one round this mighty burg." She answered, sighing: "No." He then sat beside her and tried another style. "Guess by your sweet complexion, you're from the South." Again the answer was in the negative. "Well, not as it happens to be any of my work, but p'raps you're a Far Westerner?" The only reply was "I fear not." This was a sort of encouragement, for the man broke out with: "Why, now Miss!

you are sure beginning to talk. Me an' you ought to get together. Tell me, do you hail from one of them sort of shy States no one ever hears talk of, out Middle West?" She withdrew into her shell of silence and shook her pretty head almost regretfully. "Well, that beats me," grunted the man. "But jest to get to know each other, you might tell me what State you come from." The little lady spoke her longest sentence, with: "I'm sorry, Sir; but I don't come from any State." This was quite too baffling for the would-be companion, and he blurted out: "Then, for the love of Mike, young woman, wherrinell do you come from?" Fortunately, at that very moment, her long-awaited-for friend appeared.

Men drink more than women. But then, you can't talk and drink at the same time.

A number of Hebraic gentlemen were discussing the respective effects of different musical instruments upon their emotions. One

claimed that the most inspiring music was that of the violin. "Tink," he said, "tink of th' zoft, melodiouz, zveling zounds you get out of a mere leetel ztring." But another voted for the cornet, another for the flute, and so on, through an almost complete orchestra. Each advocate for his own pet instrument dwelt at length upon the emotional effects of music, until one of the party suddenly said that the best of all instruments was the big drum. He was chaffed and asked to explain. Strange as it may or may not seem, his explanation converted the crowd. It was: "Vy, ven I hear th' beeg drom, I am moved to the zkies by thoughts of zuccess and prosperity: for ven th' drom make th' muzic, all that I hear is just that great zound, going 'to-th'-bank, to-th'-bank, to-th'-bank-bank-bank.' There 'z real muzic for you!"

I asked an artist friend the other day if he would explain "sense of humour." He said that the clearest explanation of a sense of humour is to give an instance of the lack of it. "Here is one of the best instances I know," he said. "Last week I went to an editor and asked him for an advance on some work I was commissioned to do. He told me the cashier might do it, but he couldn't. I explained that the cashier had already declined, and that I should most probably be left high and dry over the week-end. His sole reply was the quite serious observation that it was rotten weather, anyhow. Now, that's what I call lacking a sense of humour."



BACCHANALIAN REVELS IN GOLDEN SQUARE, W.: A REHEARSAL FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.

The great Chelsea Arts Club Ball of last week was preceded by some amusing rehearsals of the various processions. Our photograph shows art students "trying over" their Bacchanalian revels on the pavements of Golden Square, W.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

of the funeral of his fifth wife. The cortège had started for the scene of her last resting-place, amid sobs and condolences, when one of the widower's most intimate bachelor friends arrived at the house of mourning, only to find that, bachelor-like, he was too late. He inquired of the solemn-looking butler as to the place of burial, so that he might hurry off and take some part in the last ceremonies. The butler "feared he was not in a position to provide such information, as he was only a temporary measure in the domestic economy of the bereaved household." Just then a sobbing under-servant crossed the draped hall, and the late arrival addressed the same inquiry to her. Amid shaking, heart-piercing sighs, she muttered: "I don't know where it is to-day Sir, but he generally buries them at the public cemetery."

A kind of a record widower had lived up to the time

Grown-ups, like children, are happiest when they are pretending. Witness modern politics. SPFX.

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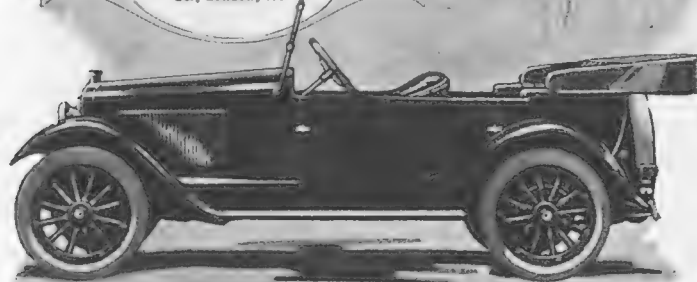
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# NOT FOR FOOLS.

Stewart Hodgson in **THE DAILY NEWS**.

Except Lord Fisher and perhaps Colonel Lawrence, the most original figure thrown up by the Great War was Mr. Dennis Bradley. . . . To the historian of public opinion he is one of the very few English writers, during the war, who are worth, in my judgment, any serious attention.

**PALL MALL GAZETTE.**

The indignation is none the less effective because it is often clothed in humour and expressed in raillery or bitter aphorism.

**THE DAILY MIRROR.**

Mr. Bradley has humour and originality.

**THE ENGLISH REVIEW.**

Re-reading his tirades, lampoons, aphorisms, apophthegms, and sextongued acerbities, one sees to-day that the author was a sincere soul finding God through his pen. . . . Two years hence men will re-read his outpourings and wonder that no man listened.

**THE DAILY EXPRESS.**

Mr. Bradley makes epigrams with devastating effect.

**THE DAILY HERALD.**

Mr. Dennis Bradley is like caviare and olives.

**THE ATHENÆUM.**

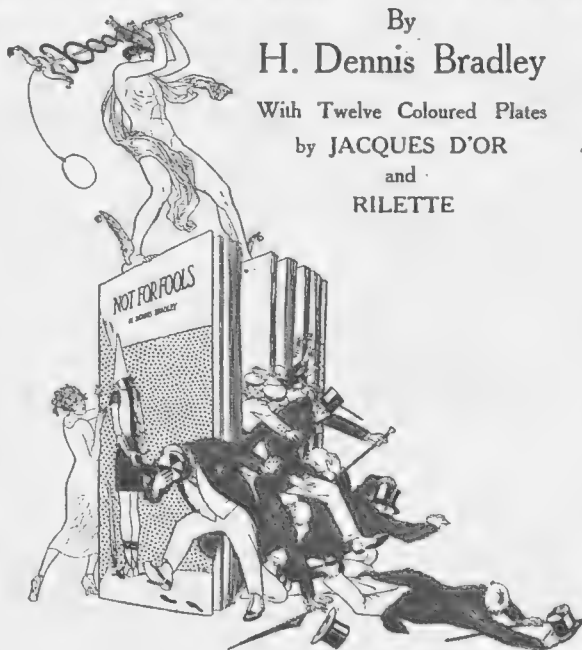
Mr. Bradley knows all about women. . . . The aphorisms still seem as acute and diabolically wise as ever, and the author deserves credit for having been one of the first to point out the menace of a temporary bureaucracy.

**TOWN TOPICS.**

The book is worthy of a place on the shelf of war literature that counts.

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**RILETTE**

Richard King in **THE TATLER**.

The book is as "alive" as a hurricane of wind, and may be as a hurricane of wind will help to clear the cobwebs from the old institutions through which it blows.

**THE SATURDAY REVIEW.**

When Mr. Dennis Bradley leaves fooling and writes seriously, he not only expresses sense, but expresses it with great force and considerable literary skill.

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS.**

Mr. Dennis Bradley managed to elude the censor for months. . . . It is an admirable piece of vigorous writing.

**ABERDEEN DAILY JOURNAL.**

Part 2 skirts occasionally on subjects of sex, but delights mainly in scrutinising the hypocritical morality of the individual or the mass. Mr. Lloyd George has a keen sense of humour, and he will accordingly relish the sting of "Ideals and Low Deals."

**IRISH TIMES.**

Mr. Bradley has no false modesty.

**COMMON SENSE.**

An author, however witty, subtle and free from cant, who labels his aphorisms "Not for Fools," is running grave risks. Yet beneath his brightness, his "modern"-ness, and his desire to shock, Mr. Bradley conceals a good deal of seriousness.

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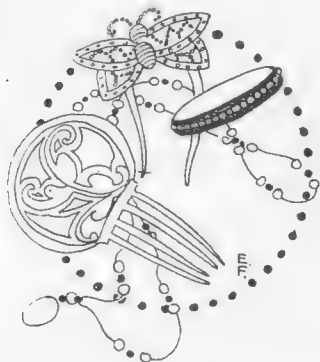
By  
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VANITIES



## Why Not?

Adam and Eve wore coats made of the skins of beasts, thus starting the fashion for furs, so there is no particular reason why a woman should not, if she feels inclined that way, wear feathers. Conventions forbid her being exclusively clad in airy fairy attire of this type, but you'll admit that she has reduced the art of going without to the lowest limit. Anyway, furs or feathers, frocks high or low, wouldn't a woman confronted with a feather wrap of the kind shown on this page be made of sterner stuff than most of her sex if she remained indifferent to its attractions? It is only one example of feathery beauty. One need not go all on feathers unless one feels inclined that way. Some capes



Trifles for the smart woman: combs and other feminine adornments.



No chance of looking anything but one's best in a cap like this.

and cloaks, for instance, have collars only of feathers; and though it has been done before, you still find dress artists looping up the material they use for skirts with feather flowers or feather cockades; and lots of smart shoes have silken rosettes, surrounded with a frame of feather fronds, decorating the instep.

## Leather, Too.

If you wear furs and feathers, there's no logical reason why you should not wear leather, that is, after all, only a form of fur—shaved fur, as you might say. The dress people, at least, see no reason for neglecting a promising material, hence the coat that Ella Fulton has sketched on this page. Leather is warm, and that is one argument in its favour, more especially if one cannot afford the luxury of a fur coat. But apart from any such practical consideration, isn't this country walking-coat of grey suede immensely attractive? The fur is grey agnella—that new, curly stuff that Paris wears so much, and London also, when it can get it. Notice that pierced effect. The grey leather is pushed out—and quite right, too, considering it is done for the purpose of showing the red leather introduced underneath.



All of ostrich-feathers, and very nice, too. Fine feathers make fine wraps, as well as fine birds.

## All Kinds of Beauty.

It is a great thing for women, especially those of them to whom nature has not been too kind in the matter of features, that there are people in the world interested in their welfare; or, to put it more accurately, appearance. It is comparatively easy, even if you happen to be downright plain, to "look nice" with the help of an exquisite frock and an especially becoming hat. Hats for this purpose are the greatest boon ever given to women. The larger the hat, the more kindly the shadow it throws; and who doesn't know the softening effect on rugged features exercised by ostrich tendrils of paradise fronds that wave carelessly over the eyes?

For the Boudoir. But the person to whom the feminine race owes the deepest debt of gratitude is the one who first invented boudoir caps and things of that kind. Only comparatively few women look well in *négligé* attire, unless they have the good sense to pay attention to their head. The nicest boudoir robe—or "nightie" either, for that matter—won't counteract the unpleasing effect of skimpy locks: straight, maybe, and perhaps not too beautiful in colour. There are lots of other kinds of boudoir caps as well as the one here shown; but even a quite plain person could risk getting it in the sure and certain hope of an improvement in appearance to follow.

## Not Disturbed.

Lady Grimston's clarion call to dress-designers has not yet had any appreciable effect on the nerves of the great dressmakers, male or female. You remember, no doubt, that her Ladyship is conspiring to overthrow the tyrant fashion. It's not that she dislikes fashion as fashion, and she cheerfully admits that she is quite prepared to have changes of line and style and so forth; only—she wants a national committee to arrange these things. Now, quite frankly, I'm not anxious for the success of the scheme. No doubt the fact that it might entail the disappearance of this particular page of *The Sketch* influences my point of view. But there are other and less selfish aspects of the matter. To begin with, there have been suggestions of some form of national dress before. Quite frankly, the result was not encouraging. Very little enthusiasm was shown. Not so much because people wanted to be extravagant as because the designs put forward were far from beautiful. That's the worst of "reformers," especially of the "dress" variety. They so seldom have anything but unattractive designs to submit to the people they want to convert. Moreover, it is usually a case of exchanging one tyranny for another. Fashion may not dictate, the "national" committee will be substituted for fashion. On the whole, my sympathies are with the Mode, who, when you come to think of it, is really extraordinarily broad-minded in regard to her followers. Is it not a fact that a woman can wear practically what she likes?



A really "chic" toque should have two hanging ends, just like this.

## New Flowers for Old.

Some rather attractive-looking corsage flowers, that strike one as an improvement on the conventional copied-from-nature brand, have been brought to my notice. These are made from bits of bright-coloured silks with fluffy-looking chenille—yellow—worked up as centres. From the centre spring little silver wires, each carrying a diamond, and the leaves are of green ribbon. One specially attractive example showed a rather large, flat, rust-coloured flower. That is to say, the inside was rust-colour. The outer sides of the petals were in shades of purple and mauve shot with crimson. Altogether a most attractive and effective ornament.



Beauty in terms of grey leather, pierced to show glimpses of the same material in red. The fur is grey agnella.



A pearl head-dress of a very becoming shape.

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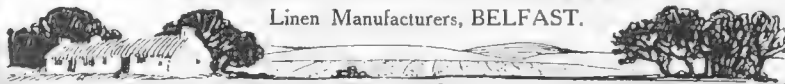
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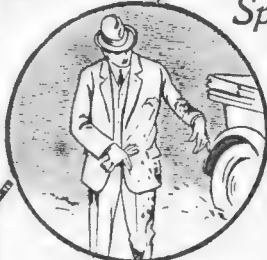
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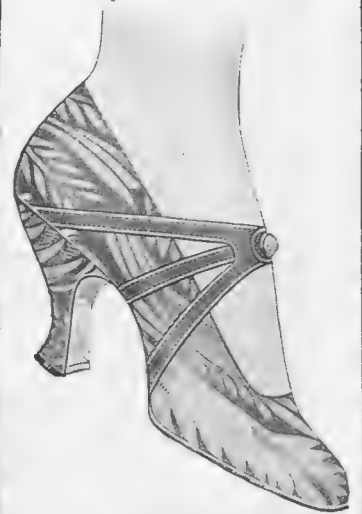
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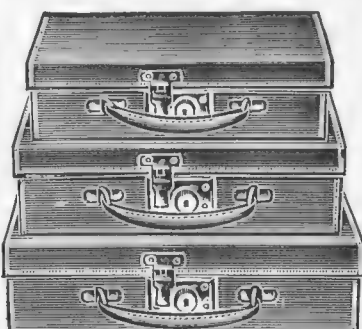
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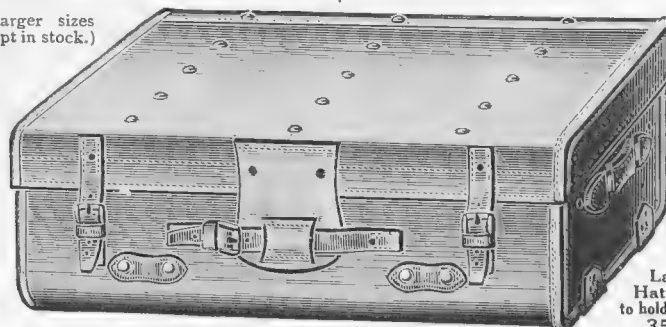
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before you go to bed,  
ensure the grateful glow  
of sleep-promoting  
warmth that follows  
a cup of

# Van Houten's

—the cocoa with a  
hundred years' reputation  
for superlative quality  
and flavour.

## Best & Goes Farthest.

Public Opinion.



MRS. BASS: Wot do you think of the housing question, Mrs. Guinness?

MRS. GUINNESS: Well, my dear, if you ask me, I think they ought to keep open longer.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### An Alluring Pursuit.

We are all very busy this week with the alluring pursuit of bargain-hunting. They wait for us on every side, and they are the real genuine article this year, for the heads of departments have to cut their losses and are selling their stocks at very much lower prices than they bought them for. Many portents point to a rise in prices again before long; therefore those who can get what they want now at sale prices will be doing quite good business, and will have much reason to congratulate themselves later.

### Marshall and Snelgrove's.

Sing hey for the many, many bargains at the sales! That's our present refrain, and we can put it into action with happiest results at Marshall and Snelgrove's great house in Oxford Street until the 22nd inst. In every department reductions delightful to the purchaser have been made. If one wants a smart afternoon or restaurant gown, in various rich silk and wool fabrics, up-to-date and smart and prettily embroidered, there is a choice of them at 21 guineas which sold freely at from 30 to 50 guineas. There are model evening gowns at 25 guineas, which were 35 to 60 guineas. Knitted woollen dresses in a variety of styles and colours are offered for £5 19s. 6d. Wrap-coats form an excellent field for investment; a hundred of them in soft shades of good ribbed velour finished cloth, on full and ample lines, with cosy collars of selected seal or mole coney, a narrow belt, and practical pockets, are reduced to 6½ guineas each. There are model evening coats, smart and handsome, and trimmed with fur, which have been reduced from 50 and 60 guineas to 25 guineas. In embroideries, cambric edgings, ribbons, etc., the prices are almost sensationally favourable to purchasers. There are also good bargains in petticoats in silk, satin, crêpe-de-Chine, silk moirette, etc., from 12s. 6d. to 29s. 6d. In brushed wool, scarves at 19s. 6d. are remarkable value; so are silk chenille scarves at 25s. Purchasers are having a really good time of it at Marshall and Snelgrove's sale.

### Debenham and Freebody.

Furs are a real good investment at Debenham and Freebody's famous house, whereat the Winter Sale will close on the 15th inst., having started on the 3rd. Most women know, from seeing or having heard, what a superb collection of fur garments of the very finest skins, and made up in the very smartest way, Debenham and Freebody had. These are now being sold at half-price; therefore it will be wise to hurry up to Wigmore Street.

They are the real stock of the establishment, and include coats from 19½ guineas—think of it, at Debenham's!—up to, of course, hundreds of guineas: muffs, stoles, capes, all at half price. Nor is this all; there is a silk sale, and many thousands of pounds' worth of silk will be sold at half price, and will include novelties in silks only just delivered, as well as those suitable for all seasons. Thousands of golf coats are being sold in a special department devoted to the purpose on the second floor, at from 10s. to 21s., and from 29s. 6d. to 42s. There is, of course, a run on these, but the stock was heavy, and there are fresh ones out each day. Coats and skirts in black and navy-blue suiting serge, trimmed with silk braid, loose-fitting and well cut, are selling for £5 18s. 6d. each; quite a variety of useful suits in various materials for 6½ guineas. The entire stock of lingerie is also greatly reduced, and in every department of this great house are remarkable reductions.

### Peter Robinson.

A sale at Peter Robinson's is always an event causing pleasurable excitement to shoppers. This year it is more absorbing than usual, because the reductions are of almost sensational character. In fur coats they are remarkable; the Regent Street house has marked down the splendid stock to just half what it was. Other furs share the same drastic treatment. Hats will be cleared out at 10s. and 20s. which have been sold for double, treble, and quadruple those amounts. Girls' party frocks, in net, satin, and taffetas are being sold for 98s. 6d.; these are, of course, in great demand. Ripple cloth dressing gowns, very cosy and good, are sold for 20s. In lingerie there are bargains almost sensational. Jurna corsets 519, usually 25s. 9d., are now 15s. 6d. Spun-silk combies are 19s. 11d., and Milanese combies, 25s. 6d.; while all-wool, opera-topped combies are selling for 19s. 11d. Princess petticoats, things which will figure in all wardrobes, can be bought at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, for 12s. 11d. Nighties, in cambric trimmed with real lace, are marked down to 20s.; others, hand-embroidered, are selling for 15s. 11d. Children's wool coats at 10s., and caps to match at 2s., will be eagerly bought, and great reductions have been made in little people's underclothing. There are also quantities of real bargains at the Oxford Street house of Peter Robinson, especially in very beautiful evening dresses and cloaks, and in ready-to-wear coats and costumes of all kinds.

### Wholesale Fur Company.

The incoming of the New Year is a good time to buy furs always. This year it is particularly advantageous, because furs are down in price, and it is practically certain that they have reached their lowest and will rise. Most women who know the ropes know what exceptionally good value is attainable at the Wholesale Fur Company, 145, Cheapside, E.C.2.

[Continued overleaf.]

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A coal fire, without smoke! Embers glowing and flickering as a real fire does on a frosty night, all by the touch of an electric button, and at a cost of less than burning a wax candle. The heat can be graduated at proportionate cost. There is no combustion—no fumes.

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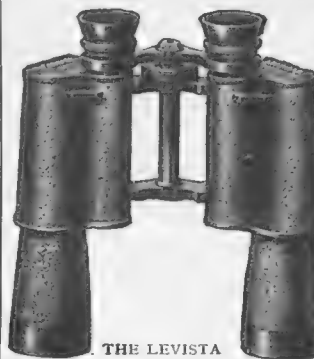
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By Confectioners Everywhere.

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(continued.)

They are experts and specialists, and have the finest selected skins, worked and made up into the smartest garments, and always at reasonable cost. Now that a sale is in progress, opportunities for obtaining real bargains in furs are many. Whether a nutria coat, one of Scotch moleskin, one of seal musquash trimmed with skunk, a broad-tail caracul with skunk collar and cuffs, a seal musquash and kolinsky, mole coney or seal coney, it will be found at the Wholesale Fur Company's establishment, a first-floor one at the St. Paul's end of Cheapside. Natural silver fox stoles, blue kitt fox, civet cat wraps and muffs, cub bear sets—in fact, anything required in fur is here found at the best-value prices possible anywhere.

**Harrods Ltd.** Harrods' Sale does not start till Jan. 10, but its six wonderful bargain days, which culminate on Friday, Jan. 14, with Remnant Day, are well worth waiting for. Dress is, perhaps, the chief objective of the "saling" woman, and the great Brompton Road house certainly offers many opportunities for dressing in the height of fashion and in perfect taste at an absurdly low cost during sale time. It also provides remarkable opportunities for the housewife. No wise woman will neglect the chances which Harrods' sale offers for household stock-taking, any more than she will refrain from providing herself with some of Harrods' wonderful sale dresses and hats. Every want of man, woman, and child is supplied at the Brompton Road Stores. The quality is there in all sale goods, and the price is reduced in every case, whether it be lingerie, men's wear, women's tailor suits, evening gowns, weather coats, skirts, stockings, hats of every variety, but all laying claim to the same unerring *chic*; umbrellas, all with Fox's frames and with a good assortment of handles; blouses, gloves or any other item which men, women, and children require. The daintiest of frocks at the most alluring prices include serge, silk jersey, and knitted wool models for day wear, afternoon frocks and evening gowns in satin, and many other delightful models in such profusion that it is almost amazing.

**Apis Cutlery.** These are practical times; happily, however, such things as the Apis unstainable cutlery, made by the Yorkshire Steel Company, combines ornament with usefulness. The beauty of workmanship and material of this cutlery is recognised all over the world. As to its labour-saving qualities, and its invariable clean and slightly appearance, they make it beloved of housewives everywhere. Anything, from single knives up to elaborate canteens from £70 to £100, is supplied at most first-class stores and shops; or, in case of any difficulty, from the company's show-rooms, 15, Bride Street, E.C. A postcard to this address will secure a fully illustrated catalogue.

# TALES WITH A STING—OASIS—[Continued from p. 18.]

"Why?" asked Paul, astonished.

"My father has just come in. He's come back from Rotterdam suddenly—how awful!" She flicked a quick finger at the waiter, who came instantly and stood by her side, momentarily shielding her from the view of other diners.

"Where has he sat down, the monsieur who has just come in?" she asked in a low voice.

The waiter smiled meaningly. "*Le vieux, Madame?* In the corner, with his back turned; it is well."

She gathered up her gloves and silk bag hastily.

"I can just do it," she whispered to the dismayed Paul. "I have come in late to dine. It's the only thing to do. I must. He would be furious—you understand?"

He followed her with his eyes as she approached a distant table where a man with white hair was studying a menu leisurely.

She sat down opposite him, laughing gaily, and as he started in surprise, he half turned in his chair, and Paul caught a glimpse of his face.

It was the old Comte de Trineaux, a confirmed bachelor, whom Paul had known for years.

"I see," he muttered.

"The lady has joined her father," he said sarcastically as he pushed the notes under the folded bill.

"Her father, *nom de Dieu*," said the sympathetic waiter in a tone of extreme scepticism, "since when, Monsieur?"

"Exactly," replied Paul.

"But it's my own fault, I suppose," he mused, as he wandered out into the hot night. A tram clanged past him stridently.

He walked slowly through the deserted streets to his hotel. The oasis had been but a mirage after all.

THE END.

If, when a purse is opened, a novel and delicious scent is discerned, "that's me," as the wee boy said when he was sent well perfumed to a party. Mine emanates from one of Price's perfumed pocket calendars. I don't know the name of the scent, but it will soon be placed on the market. Calendars and details can be obtained on application to Messrs. Price's, addressed to Battersea.

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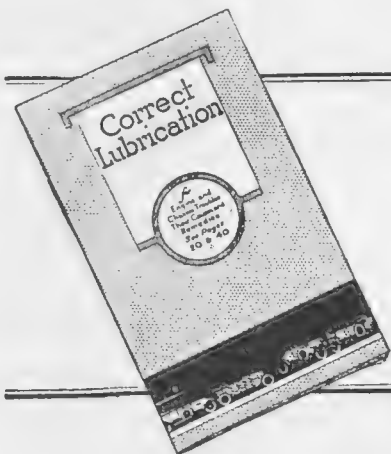
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This question of economical operation is the subject of a 7-page article in the new "Correct Lubrication" booklet.

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fied—as the list of contents indicates—and treats exhaustively and interestingly a subject which is of first importance to every motorist.

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A grade for each type of motor

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"HOW many times have you written Nineteen-Twenty this year?" demanded The City Editor.

"That's a leading question," The Solicitor fenced.

"But aren't you—"

"No, I'm not!" snapped The Jobber, who had not the least idea of the question he was answering. "People wish me a Prosperous New Year, and I wish to goodness they wouldn't."

"You don't want to be prosperous?"

"Of course I do, you ass; but I know we shan't be, so what's the use of wishing me impossibilities?"

"What you want is a liver pill, my boy," said The Broker paternally.

"It's the unexpected that happens—"

"Yes, we lost the first Test Match."

"And, because everybody preaches pessimism, we are not at all unlikely to see things better than we think."

"That's a rotten way of looking at the situation." The Jobber was not going to be cajoled into cheerfulness. "No; it's black—that's the long and the short of it. Very different indeed from last year."

"Do you remember Darnay's jailer in the 'Tale of Two Cities'? He was so unwholesomely bloated that he looked like a man who had been drowned first and then filled with water."

"That doesn't help us much."

"Last year the craze was for watering capital to such an extent that the chances of dividend payments in bad times were practically drowned."

"That's not the same as the jailer. And it's a stupid simile, anyhow."

They laughed at him first, and then sent him to Coventry, like a naughty boy.

"I can't make out the motor trade at all," confessed The Broker.

"People tell you it's in a bad way; but, according to advertisements, the companies are selling a good many cars. And I'm inclined to believe the advertisements myself."

"With all trading concerns, it must be the question of finance that complicates the situation now," The Engineer replied. "You can't run an expanding business unless capital is easily forthcoming—"

"Pardon me," interjected The Broker.

"Well, I mean to say that credit facilities and plenty of easily obtained capital are important factors in an industry employing elaborate machinery and large staffs."

"That applies to many other companies besides those in the motor trade."

"To thousands of others. And, until money becomes cheaper, we shall see profits diminished. Sometimes to vanishing point."

"Two of the things I hold have lately passed their dividends," remarked The Merchant.

"To you it is of no vital consequence; but to numbers of other people this state of affairs is downright serious. Supposing you were a man dependent for your living upon the dividends your shares paid—"

"Ah, those are the people I'm sorry for," The Engineer observed.

"It must be most awfully hard when these dividends don't come in. The shareholders are not the kind of people who march in processions, or demonstrate at the Albert Hall, or take possession of town halls. They suffer in silence."

"We all know cases like that," continued The Broker. "They don't lose their tempers—"

"No, we don't," and The Jobber re-entered the conversation, unasked.

"By comparison with some other people, your lot is absurdly happy and prosperous," The City Editor pointed out.

The Jobber gasped. Any Stock Exchange man would have gasped. Here was heterodoxy in the highest. The Engineer adroitly changed the conversation.

"They tell me there's more doing in Rubber shares."

"Can't be any real improvement in Rubber for some time to come yet," replied The Merchant with conviction. "Things have got to become worse before they're better."

"Like the—"

"Like the Oil Market," The Broker hastily interrupted, who knew what was coming.

"Shells, Burmahs, and Eagles are as well worth keeping as the War Loan," announced The Jobber.

"You told us that when the prices were considerably higher," The City Editor reminded him.

"And what if I did? Who am I that I could have foreseen the American deflation, the slump in trade, the increase in unemployment, and the—?" He stopped for fresh ammunition.

"—the incessant waste on the Government's part, which mops up all the money, prevents the Bank Rate from falling, and stops enterprise because we have to pay appallingly high taxes?"

"That's what I was going to say," The Jobber continued, without further acknowledgment.

"Still," argued The Merchant, "there are such heaps of things to confuse a man who tries to get the hang of the future that you simply cannot see your way."

[Continued overleaf.]

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For PARTIES and DANCES.

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# THE BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

THE eighteenth annual meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held on Dec. 30 at the offices of the Company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W.1, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hood, M.P., one of the Deputy Chairmen.

The Secretary (Mr. A. M. Rickards, F.C.I.S.) read the certificate of Sir William Plender, G.B.E. (of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths, and Co.), Chartered Accountant, appended to the Accounts.

The Chairman: "Last year when we had the pleasure of meeting the shareholders we had not resumed the occupation of the offices vacated by the Ministry of Pensions, but we are glad to welcome the shareholders here again for our annual meeting to-day.

## THE BALANCE SHEET.

"As you are aware, it is usual at our annual meeting to go through the various items in the Balance Sheet and make some comments thereon.

"Taking the assets side of the Balance Sheet first, you will observe that the item—Real Estate and Buildings at cost, less provision for amortisation of leaseholds, £541,986 6s. 2d.—shows an increase of £66,538. The greater part of this increase is due to extensions to our Liverpool factory and the purchase of adjoining land. Whilst we have also purchased land at Southampton for the erection of an additional factory, yet we have reluctantly come to the conclusion, owing to conditions as to building, that it is not an opportune time to start the erection of a factory.

"Plant, Machinery, Furniture and Fittings at cost or under, £419,500 15s., shows a decrease of £40,853, which is more than accounted for by the disposal of a factory in New York which we have sold. On the other hand, the machinery at our Norfolk, Virginia, Branch shows a material increase, but, on the whole, the item is reduced by the amount I have mentioned.

"Goodwill, Trade Marks, and Patents stands at the same figure as last year—viz., £505,114 18s. 6d. We have come to the conclusion that this is not a fitting time to further decrease this item.

## ASSOCIATED COMPANIES.

"Loans to and Current Account with Associated Companies, £7,194,957 12s. 2d., shows an increase of £1,127,433. This again is due to increased supplies to the Associated Companies, and the replenishment of their stocks, which had become depleted, together with additional advances to them. It is also to some extent due to the postponement of remittances owing to the adverse rate of exchange.

"Investments in Associated Companies, £11,356,132 1s. 11d., is also up by £2,664,432. This is the largest item on the assets side, and the increase represents additional investments in Associated Companies.

"Other investments, £607,922, is increased by £453,813 due to investments in War Bonds.

"Stocks of Leaf, Manufactured Goods, and Materials at cost or under, £7,021,185 3s. 6d., shows a reduction of £1,176,308. We have hitherto carried in our stocks of leaf, manufactured goods, and materials at cost or under, but for some years past, as you will readily understand with rising prices, cost or under has been lower than the market value. As you will probably have seen from the newspapers, there has recently been a material reduction in the price of raw leaf. The Auction Sales in America begin about August and continue until the end of the year. Our Balance Sheet, of course, is as of Sept. 30 last, and we have taken in stocks this year at market value as at that date, which is a continuance of our policy of carrying them in at the lower figure of the two. In this case, the market value is less than cost by a substantial amount.

"Sundry Debtors (less provision for Doubtful Debts) and Debit Balances, £2,531,176 10s. 3d., is reduced as compared with last year by £241,538, because as at the date of the Balance Sheet less money was owing to us.

"Cash at Bankers and in Transit, the last item on the assets side, £2,856,119 12s. 7d., shows a decrease of £1,280,854. The explanation of this reduction is that we had less funds in-hand, and it is reflected on the other side in the items of Creditors and Credit balances, where there is a decrease of outstanding liabilities.

## THE LIABILITIES.

"Turning to the Liabilities side of the Balance Sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 Preference shares remains the same, but the issue of Ordinary shares has increased from 8,501,911 to 16,002,523. You will remember that in April last we made an issue at par of one share in two, and in respect of that issue 4,264,484 shares were taken up by the Ordinary Shareholders up to Sept. 30. In addition, 21,500 shares had been issued to certain Directors in January last, in pursuance of the Authority given by the Articles of Association and the Resolutions of the Shareholders of May 19, 1919, out of the 34,704 then authorised.

"Beyond that there were issued 17,532 shares in response to belated acceptances of the offer of one in three made in June 1919.

"It will also be within your recollection that in July last we made a further issue to the Ordinary Shareholders of one share in four, in respect of which 3,197,096 shares had been accepted and issued up to Sept. 30 last.

"I will refer to this matter again when I deal with the last item—viz., Profit and Loss Account.

"The item of Creditors and Credit Balances is reduced from £9,918,597 to £5,678,938, a very substantial reduction. This is mainly accounted for by the reduction of Cash at Bankers and in Transit on the other side of the account, to which I have referred, and to the adjustment of our liability in respect of Excess Profits Duty to the date of the Balance Sheet.

"The increase in Reserves for Buildings, Machinery, and Materials,

£630,164 12s. 11d., is due to the ordinary provisions under this heading. The item is strengthened to the extent of £87,342.

"Premium on Ordinary Shares issued, £391,039, shows an increase of £23,375. Of that amount, £21,500 was received as the premium on that number of shares from Directors to whom they were allotted in pursuance of the authority given on May 19, 1919, and £1875 was received as the difference between the £2 per share received by the Company on issue and the amount realised on the surrender by Mr. Hallward of certain shares allotted to him under his agreement which became saleable on his resignation and were sold for the benefit of the Company.

"Provision for the redemption of coupons, £55,834 6s. od., shows a small reduction of £4882.

"Special Reserve, £1,198,727 4s. od., shows an increase of £41,739 17s. od., due almost entirely to a sum realised in respect of the liquidation of some shares in excess of the amount standing on our books.

## RESERVES.

"General Reserve to provide against possible losses arising from the war, £1,500,000. As I mentioned at the Meeting last year, with the consent of the Government we sold shortly after the war commenced our shares in German Companies and loans to those Companies and officials connected with them. The greater part of our claims resolve themselves into two categories—

(1) Loans and current accounts, and (2) Shares in the German Companies. The amount of the loans and current accounts have now been agreed, and we expect to receive shortly a sum approximately amounting to £1,280,000, which includes interest on the amount up to the date of payment—payable under the Contract we made. So soon as this substantial amount is received, it will be unnecessary to maintain this General Reserve at the figure at which it stands in our Balance Sheet, but that is a matter which will have to be dealt with next year. Payment for the amount (roughly, over five million marks) of the claim owing to us for the sale of the shares in German companies has yet to be completed. We hope that will be done at an early date.

"That brings me to the last item—viz., the Profit and Loss Account. You will remember that last year we carried forward a balance of £4,912,733 12s. 1d., out of which we paid a final dividend of 6 per cent., amounting to £512,421 19s. 2d., which left us with a disposable balance of £4,400,311 12s. 11d. In May last the Directors purchased the 641,000 shares of the Garland Steamship Corporation at a cost of 1,900,000 dollars, and in pursuance of Extraordinary Resolutions of the shareholders of May 10 last this sum was written off and the shares of Garland Steamship Corporation distributed amongst the Ordinary shareholders.

"In addition, the shareholders decided to capitalise £3,202,853, or such other sum as might be necessary, to give one share in four out of the undivided profits of the Company, and to apply the sum in making payment in full at par for Ordinary shares which were to be allotted to and distributed rateably among the holders of Ordinary shares in proportion to their holdings, so that each holder of Ordinary shares would receive one new share in respect of every four Ordinary shares held by him and fractional certificates in respect of any shares less than four. In pursuance of that resolution the Directors allotted up to Sept. 30 3,197,096 shares at par, which amount is deducted from the disposable balance, leaving £727,777 13s. 11d. It would perhaps be as well if I explained that the whole of the holders of share warrants to bearer have not yet presented their coupons, and there was as at Sept. 30 a contingent liability to issue 3410 further Ordinary shares. Since that date coupons have been lodged, and some of the 3410 shares allotted.

## PROFITS AND DIVIDENDS.

"To the £727,777 13s. 11d., the direct profits and dividends for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses for management and providing for Income Tax and Corporation Profits Tax and adjusting the liability in respect of Excess Profits Duty, will have—to be added, amounting to £4,879,177 3s. 3d., less Preference dividend of £225,000 and the four interim dividends amounting to £2,305,086 4s. 3d., which leaves a disposable balance of £3,076,868 12s. 11d., out of which the Directors recommend the distribution on Jan. 10 next of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the issued Ordinary shares of 9 per cent., amounting to £1,440,405 14s. 5d., leaving £1,636,462 18s. 6d. to be carried forward.

"This final dividend of 9 per cent. will make 30 per cent. for the year upon the Ordinary shares which were in existence a year ago, and upon the others which have been issued since the amount, of course, varies with the date of their actual issue.

## CURRENT YEAR'S PROSPECTS.

"It is usual to make some comments upon the business since the close of the year, and it will be true to say that in some parts of the world there has been a reduction in sales since Sept. 30 last. That result is not confined to us. The Directors hope that it is only a temporary phase, and they have no reason to believe that they will be unable to present a satisfactory Balance Sheet a year hence. It may not be out of place to again point out that we do not sell any goods for consumption in the United Kingdom. All the goods we manufacture here are manufactured in bond and exported.

"I now formally beg to move the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet for the year ended Sept. 30, 1920, including the payment on Jan. 10 next of a final dividend of 9 per cent. upon the issued Ordinary shares (free of British Income Tax).

"I may also mention that the Directors have declared for the year 1920-1921 an interim dividend of 4 per cent. (free of British Income Tax), also payable on Jan. 10, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 13 per cent.

"I now ask Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., to second the resolution."

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously without discussion.

Continued.]

"There are more cross-currents in Stock Exchange affairs than there are fleas in a cinema; and if—"

"I'm not going to try," observed The Broker. "My policy is Safety First, Safety Second, and Safety Third."

"Kaffirs also ran."

"They'd be in the first three if the public were doing anything in the Stock Exchange."

"I shouldn't set them in my Safety List, although not so very far outside it," said The Broker.

"If and when Kaffirs do get going, what are the best things to choose, do you reckon?"

"Keep to the good ones. Gedulds, Rand Mines, Modders—can't go far wrong."

"I still like Connie Main Reef and Wolhuters," remarked The Jobber.

"I shouldn't touch Van Ryn Deeps—"

"They're talked better."

"I know; rather a general tip. But I think the others are better. And Meyer and Charlton, of course."

"Why not Goldfields?"

"They have so many interests in different parts of the world that you can hardly call them South Africans. I'd prefer Kaffirs, for choice. And we shall see them better in this New Year."

"Sell," said The Jobber gloomily.

The Broker told him to go to the place that rhymed with it.

Followed a "certain liveliness" in that First-Class Carriage.

#### JUMBLES.

"Hope deferred" must by now have made the hearts of Kent coal supporters very sick indeed, and the latest report of the East Kent Colliery Company will do little to cheer them up. If this Company, with one of the best pits of the group, cannot do well with prices at their present level, the future doesn't look too rosy.

The desirability of opening up trade with Russia is obvious to everyone; but when the Soviet Government try to sell the concessions which belong to English Oil Companies, the problem becomes rather difficult. We have no doubt that the Government are doing their best to come to some arrangement, and we think it is a pity that a certain section of the Press should by its attitude strengthen Mr. Krassin's hands at this juncture.

Vickers' long-awaited report was disappointing, not so much in what information it gave, but in what was left out, and it is sincerely to be hoped

that more information will be given to the shareholders at the meeting. Silence as to the present position naturally causes uneasiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Farrow's Bank affair was unimportant financially, except for the wretched depositors, but it raises the question as to the desirability of fresh legislation. After the big banks had been approached for help and had refused, Farrow's asked the Government to come to their rescue. The Government promptly looked into the position in order to see what could be done, and the result of their examination is public property. Would it not be better if the books of certain types of concerns, such as banks and insurance companies, were periodically examined and certified by a Government auditor? It would not, probably, make frauds impossible, but it would make them very much more difficult.—Friday, Dec. 31, 1920.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. B. (Weston).—Sorry we went to press too early to answer last week.

(1) We believe the first-mentioned shares are all right, but do not care for the motor; we do not advise further purchases of the latter; (2) Yes; but as a speculative investment.

SEN (Drogheda).—(1) A thoroughly sound list, which should cause you no worry; (2) Impossible to say: it depends so much on what exactly you want; (3) Yes, probably, but very little in it.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI.** (Ger. 2645.) "THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."  
W. H. BERRY. Lily St. John. Leon Morton. GEORGE GROSSMITH.  
Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., at 2.

**COURT THEATRE.** Sloane Square Station. (Ger. 848)  
J. B. FAGAN'S Production of  
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8. MATINEES WED. & SAT., at 2.

**DALY'S.** (Ger. 201) "A SOUTHERN MAID."  
MARK LESTER, etc., NIGHTLY, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Sat., at 2.15.

**GLOBE.** (Ger. 8722) MARIE LOHR  
In "FEDORA."  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINEES WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

**LYRIC.** (Ger. 3687.) "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL."  
A Musical Play.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

**NEW.** MATHESON LANG in his GREAT SUCCESS,  
"THE WANDERING JEW."  
E. Temple Thuston's Wonderful Play.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATINEES WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30. (Reg. 4466.)

**SAVOY.** (Ger. 3366.) "PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING."  
TWICE DAILY, at 2.15 and 8. On Jan. 15 Mon. and Sat. Mats. resumed.

**STRAND.** (Ger. 3830.) "AT THE VILLA ROSE."  
ARTHUR BOURCHIER.  
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

**ST. JAMES'S.** "PETER PAN."  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8.  
HENRY AINLEY. EDNA BEST.

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GEORGE ROBEY.  
Evenings, 8.15.  
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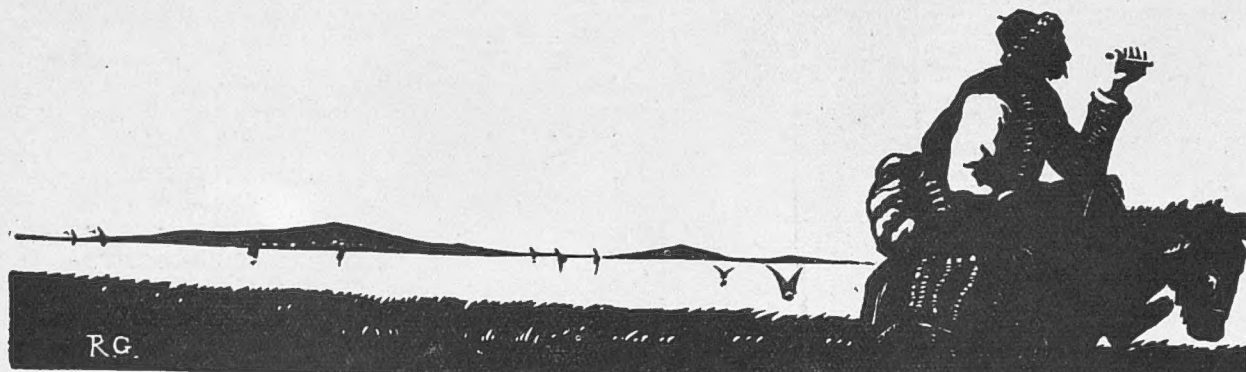
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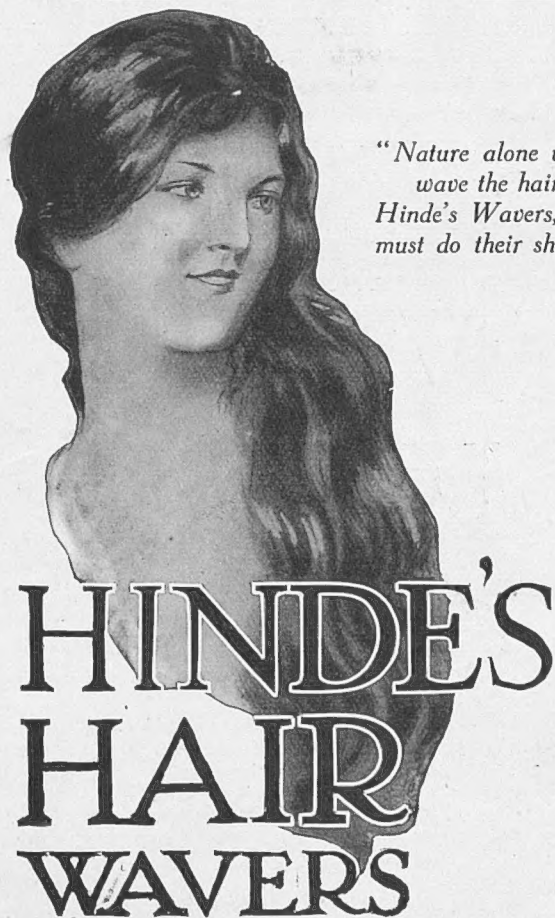
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